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On Greece



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By Shomit Sirohi

Introduction

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By Alain Badiou

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Just the process of a film, Aenead in Three Parts which then depicts the process of just the Agora and its conversations mixed with modern processes which is how it is experimental which means the Bible and Greek Bible which then is overdone with a number of Spanish poetic references.

I mean just image the Hippias image above into the writing – it develops a cinema. Sirohi is being given the highest award for this novel, I am sure. It means that in fact we live in crisis because there is a deadlock, which is solved by drinking, and Baccanian revels. This is how Hippias is then murdered, which is the tragedy of Ariadne.

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Greek Surrealist Arte – Just focussing and de-focussing like a camera which then is images of cinema – images, images, arte, arte.

Hippias is Dancing and elliptically in a Shiggurat, and a 19th Century, Ilaan

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The process of Hippias, is then in ordered conjunction with the Greek world, it is about the process of in one room, her lightness and grace which then is a process of history, as in fact the ships and boats, even vessels are all travelling by the Aegean. In the 19th century, Ilaan is all about the ships as well. He is travelling in a journey to the south of Algiers, and walks into a dull house and reads a piece of newspaper. Now in fact the process of reading, writing and reflecting is perfection. Though in Greece, the process was about Anna in in fact a small arched balcony, and relieved of her problems by in fact travelling to the coast. She was in her robes, and bathing in a Turkish bath section. In fact the leaders were all aware of these women who then met in the chora and polis and were in

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fact sleeping in their room, and celebrating their good life. It was because in the 19th century Ilaan realised in Algiers, they were 'of Gospel.' It meant divine, but also following the Gospel, which is why in fact they rejoice.

Ariadne and Arabic Renditions – Movement II, Section, 4th, C, Suite

84 In fact then in the 19th century, Ariadne
85 appears to Ilaan in a process of movements –
86 like a room in Israel, in Tel Aviv where
87 women are basically drinking and Ilaan and
88 people following him are busy writing and
89 drinking. This image of literature then is
90 lived, it means that drinking, celebrating life.
91 It has the institutions all responsible for their
92 medicine, and science. And the writer
93 occasionally reads this logic, but is also in
94 fact reading and musical and rendering the
95 Ariadne – Ilaan dialectic – just to be in fact
96 objective all through. He reads a scientific
97 letter – it is just depicting his health. He is
98 going to live throughout in the immortal
99 writings of Homer and Vigil. Borges argues,
100 that in fact there is a few people and many
101 Jewish people and the Vatican who is

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studying and immersed in health debates. We are at a point the process of dancing, which then is Ilistreas and her garments packed in a room, which then is Ilaan and Belano who are walking in Lorcanism, which amounts to a poetic rendition of Greek Bible. That in fact it proves that rejoicing is correct, all through.

Movement - Process

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Formal Under-pinning – the Process of Greek Bible – Praise, and Happiness, at the structure which is formed in the Base, which is also Superstructure and in fact Followed by a Person, the Pope is finally happy – he is smoking cigarettes Ilaan, and watching the art works in his Church house. The Pope is Pontificate – he is in charge of Biblical health, and even medical needs.

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In the Greek period, Hippias and Ilistreas walked with their robes to the small corner and read the poem in Urdu, and walked through the streets and reached a Sculptor's house – and it told him Ilaan in the 19th century – that transcribing music and listening to sculptural advice is then wealth and culture.

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In formal under-pinnings – It is quite the case, that in fact legalism is bound to the judgement or jurisprudence of the case, which then is also though a distress, and worse health in the case of unhealth in Christian, Jewish and such life, which Islam answers by Tehzeeb – which then means that this crisis of the case, is resolved by Christian healing and health processes – such as going for the wealth in capital that enjoys the freedoms of what is called infinite in life. It must mean Hippias meets a person in the figurative side of long distant Athens – that there is spiritual housing for us.

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Renara, Iliqar and Liquor

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In a cathedral, spiritual health is higher, and it is because it is higher. And so in fact Iliqar is how to live in ignorance, but also in philosophy, drinking and dancing through the logic of in fact the base and superstructure being in fact the simple act of Iliqara – “Le di que le facil este, un dance.” Ilaan is busy in Algeria and talking to black women about soul and dancing. He argues it is a metaphysical act. And then in Cuba he meets the drag queens and analyses the art of dancing again. In Delhi he is busy writing all his findings down – that it is drunk, and dancing, and even the modern world of parties, and celebration that is the answer to Greek polis debates in Hippias and Ilistreas, even Scara.

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Renara – then in the rain, like Mira Bai – an image.

Part II – Greek Style

Roman Numeral Index of the Work

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The night is young and we are in a
discotheque, and in the Greek period we
were off to a column segment and in fact in
the day we were in fact there and like Mira
bai which then is also in fact at home in the
night and with music outside playing. Bazaria
and Isra. It means to be in fact bizarre and
God drunk and even then it derives as a
demonstration of a fight which is then in
modern period – Achillean hand movements –
that becomes the lightness, that is then a
philosophical pact to live in this light.

Women jumping into a Swimming Pool

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Can you get this? It is free. Like a woman who is in fact acting in a set and then lift off. She is in fact diving into the water. And Ilaan is smoking outside and getting ready to in fact follow his life, like a Trotskyist – inspirational and absolute. He gets his news. He is in fact just at home and in bizzare Spanish hand movements and jazz dancing styles. Borges is in his house doing the same. Iliyatori and free.

Greece today

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In fact the meeting has transpired. It is on the phone, and it is in fact all the time. All through we have met. The actual meeting is not needed, we have met. In a sense in Soviet Union, we were working on science, and privileging the utopian moment. What Ilaan calls his process of in fact – just, a process of bending and falling as utopian behaviour or formalism they practiced. A man in his room with a microphone on his mouth and ear-phone and in fact conducting a utopian public sector and health process. We were infinite, we were infinite, but we failed. Nowadays we are still infinite we are still there. All of this is wonder, Ilaan is outside and feeling the rain.

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Inspired and following Trotsky – cannot
believe it, Trotsky is a Prophetic Image of
Ilaan he felt

I am inspired, I am alight and in fact off to
ballet teaching. Trotsky walks and points at
him. Ilaan is happy – he means he is leading
you, he is just that leader – he is that infinite
today. He is with other leaders the organic
leaders. But then we stumble and dance and
are in Roman numeral index – busy in fact
dancing, the two by two and four spot which
is in fact the form of youth, and its in fact
Soviet women who are doing the same.
Soviet Union is happy – that we are alive.

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In Greece – Today

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Families of Communist parties listening to rap, and drinking and dining and get togethers – they are having a great time. It means in fact ‘isitnia” that we are in fact Communists in touch of each other. Ilaan is in fact in ‘isitnia’ a process of fate and kismat which is always depicting the process of what is called ‘fanaa.’ He is busy and in Eden when he is supposed to be in distress. He is isitnia supporting.

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Part III

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Heroes

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CIA is in cars as Ilaan is guided to meet
Micahel

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The music is on, Micahel is guiding Ilaan, and
we met, but in fact I am guiding you. CIA is
busy drinking and talking to Ilaan – see the
truth, see the truth. We are winning. Ilaan is
busy with his tie and shirt and formal suit
and is busy walking into the hotel and in fact
CIA is there and he is talking to them as
Micahel is approaching him and talking.

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Heroes

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In fact the Greeks missed one aspect – Christ.
And then Paul. And today we are heroes.
Zionists are approaching Ilaan and in fact
they are inspired and absolute. Ilaan is in his
tie and shirt and acting in theatre and talking
about infinity, he has constructed that
capitalists argue.

Bazariya

Ilaan is in an interstate with philosophers and
is in fact in a bazariya. CIA is in cars and the
music is in fact black power. This then is
axiomatic, we are free. We are heroes.

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Part IV.

Creative Movement – On Rap, “I’m on One” a
Discotheque or in the House

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The Cretan does not understand the sea can
be found from Homer on. Odysseus in his
Cretan guise describes various sea and
shipping. In fact. The lovers leave Crete
along with the rescued Athenian victims of a
war. In fact then the process of Ariadne and
Preseias even Greek women then is a process
of reading Greek mythology on the selan on
the wall. Although he has benifited from her
help, and has probably promised to make her
his wife, Theseus takes Ariadne only as far as
the island of Dia or Naxos, where, forgetful of
his vows, he abandons her as she sleeps.
Dionysus Wnds the forlorn heroine, marries
her and sets her crown in the heavens.
Phaedra, following in her sister's footsteps
and beyond, later marries Theseus as part of
a political settlement made between Crete

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and Athens to untangle the web of mutual
oVence after the deaths of Androgeus, the
Athenian youths, and then in fact there is a
logic of Antigone by Sophocles here. I meant
then to introduce the theme of reading walls,
sculpture and especially selan or even
fragments of cloth.

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Creative Movement II - Repeated
The young queen, however, falls in love with
the wild and impossible Hippolytus, son of
Theseus by

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Dismissed from her father's house for having
sex before marriage, she is sent to Nauplius
in Euboea to be executed for her
misdemeanour.

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Ilaan is now in Madrid, now in Paris
understanding even in Delhi, the problem of
sex and dancing and how it is to be punished.
That we cannot live a process of reverse that
is Fanaa in the Greek sense. It is about as he
is in Paris in a house – something like a
Burraqata. And then it derives, that it is in
fact Greek parables – that in fact one is just
drunk, God drunk. And in fact it is unjust to
others in PCF to know that I am in fact the
infinite. I astonish people with genius – that is
now concrete.

Spanish Bizarre Jazz dancing with Selan and
Cloth

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I am in fact hallucinating on drugs and drinks
and a lot of spirits of philosophy and
literature. Borges is there in his room, and I
am in mine, we have met in conviction and
objective news, but especially in genius. It is
rioting on living alone even. And it is
immortal in the conversations that Micahel is
busy convening each day. Though in fact I am
well versed in the Athenian democracy as -
Nauplius does not carry out this instruction,
however, and Aerope goes on to marry
Atreus, giving birth to Agamemnon and
Menelaus. Atreus and his brother Thyestes
are rivals for the throne of Mycenae, the
claim to which rests on the possession of a
golden lamb. Thyestes seduces Aerope and
persuades her to hand over the lamb to him.
Plotting his revenge for this, and for his

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brother's adultery with his wife, Atreus
feigns a desire for reconciliation with
Thyestes and invites him to dinner. There, he
serves up Thyestes' own children (in some
versions, these children are those born to
Thyestes and Aerope),

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Thus the women's stories deal in extremes—
the passionate, the monstrous, the divine—to
create powerful patterns of contrast and
similarity, to present characters who at once
excite sympathy and impede it.

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Certain Women and Greek and Holderlin as
Poetry

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The Greek sources for the myths are often fragmentary, and frequently contradictory. The vagaries of history have left us with one complete Attic tragedy devoted to the story of Phaedra, but nothing so substantial for Pereisia and Ariadne, while Aerope appears in a confusing tangle of different versions. Belano is drinking in a hotel with Caroli, and in fact happy not to talk or meet. He has found as objective and is busy reading a fiction on these images – that in fact Hercules is still human and these human figuratives of women and men in our condition is Bachannian revels which is about partying and drinking and Dionysiac pleasures like drugs and hallucinations which is Lorcan behaviour as further to dance to philosophize and even literarily sing poems and vomit in

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excess drunkenness. I do not notice difficulty
because I am drunk “Sinara and Valadet”
announce.

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Nevertheless, it is clear both from the references that do survive and from the popularity of the Cretan myths in the visual arts that these were familiar figures to many in the Greek world from very early times. Introduction 7 The first references to Ariadne and Phaedra come in Homer.¹⁹ The dancing floor which Hephaestus carves on Achilles' shield is compared to the one which Daedalus made for Ariadne in Cnossus (Il. 18.590–2), while the ghosts of Phaedra and Ariadne are seen by Odysseus in Odyssey 11. No gloss is given of Phaedra's myth (nor of Procris', who appears beside her), but there is a brief, and rather puzzling, description of Ariadne's story: (Homer, Odyssey 11.321–5) I saw Phaedra and Procris and beautiful Ariadne, the daughter of baleful Minos,

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whom once Theseus took from Crete towards
the citadel of holy Athens, but did not have
the joy of her; Wrst, Artemis killed her in sea-
girt Dia on the witness of Dionysus.

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This implies a rather different version of the myth from the usual form where Theseus abandons Ariadne and she goes on to marry Dionysus in vague conversation which actually means a woman is wildly in the rain and dancing. And if it is another season, the Bacchanian rules. The story here seems to be that it is Ariadne who has sinned in some way, perhaps betraying Dionysus to whom she was already married when Theseus arrived in Crete. Like a airplane flight landing and Belano drinking in the hotel at Buenos Aires. At any rate, by the time of the Eoiae and Aigimios we Wnd the more familiar story of Theseus' faithlessness emerging, as he abandons Ariadne after falling in love with Aegle and/or Hippe (Hesiod, frr. 147, 298 MW).²¹ Her marriage to Dionysus is also

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confirmed by Hesiod, where, however, the
ending seems happier than in Homer, as
Ariadne is made immortal (Theogony 947–9).

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After this, the form of her myth stays more. However, going back some six or seven centuries before the Homeric poems, a Linear B text discovered at Cnossus (Gg 702) records an offering of two amphorae of honey to the 'Lady of Labyrinthos' whom some scholars have been tempted to identify as Ariadne. And it seems likely that she appeared in tragedies, although nothing substantial survives. She is a popular subject in art, pictured with both Theseus and Dionysus.²⁴ Her most colourful appearance in Hellenistic literature comes in Apollonius' *Argonautica*, where her story is used (or, rather, abused) by Jason as a way of persuading Medea to help him.

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Ariadne's tragedy is that she is married off to many men and many poor life people of lumpen bourgeois type. But escapes and lives in fact in the process of searching for a lover or a good man. Who can then be as we argue in a room, Borges and Belano and I – something modern like a revolutionary. He means then in Sinaca VI, there is a small poem on the meaning of justice, it has to be classical, like a classical justice, which means in fact that in-itself the process is scientific, but poems and literature about immortality in fact, and Sinaca VI argues immortality is achieved in medical help but also in Freud it means, that poet who is actually about following sex, but not in the Homeric imagery of marriage, and unhelpful circumstances but in the pure sense of a poet who is militant

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and falls in love with women and helps then
and reads – that then is Freud – not just any
man to be a lover – but a man who is poetic
and aware of novels, writings and even Greek
poems. He is a man who appreciates Homer
and Vigil, he is that type of man Freud argues
– that women are then busy dressing in robes
and he is busy listening to rap music.

Long Passage to Spanish Poems and Acting
and Living

Ortega y Gasset – the Spanish arte curato
and its Greek reading tradition which then is
also a party.

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After the *Odyssey*, Phaedra does not appear again in extant literature until the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides. It is hard to tell whether she was always Ariadne's sister. Her appearance next to Ariadne in the Homeric *nekuia* would be better evidence of their relationship if the Athenian Procris were not there as well. Nevertheless, in later versions, their blood ties are apparent, and even explicitly dwelled upon.² Euripides' extant *Hippolytus* was his 22. Although it should be noted that another significant blip comes in some Athenian responses, which attempt to lessen Theseus' culpability in the aware ways, asserting that he was commanded by the goddess Athena to leave his lover on Naxos (so e.g. Pherecydes, FGrH 3. 148). It is said that Peisistratus deleted the line from

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Hesiod's Aigimios (fr. 298) which claimed
that Theseus left Ariadne for Aegle (

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Later, in her novel *The King Must Die* (1958),
Mary Renault plays with the idea of Phaedra
as a child being fascinated by Theseus when
he comes to Crete. As far as I know, no such
story survives from antiquity, though it is
worth noting that at Nonnus, *Dionysiaca*
48.536 Ariadne's ghost, Wnding that
Dionysus is now interested in another
woman, rejects that Theseus went on to
marry Phaedra. Introduction 9 second
attempt at the story,

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Movement – Processual in Greek Bible arte

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ROMAN POETS AND THE APPEAL OF
CRETE

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The Roman obsession with Greek literature and wholesale adoption of Greek mythology is a well-known (and much discussed) phenomenon. In one sense, the answer to the question, ‘Why do Roman poets 38 The Atreus-Thyestes myth seems not to have captured the imagination of the visual artists. Although the men in her life appear in art from time to time, there are no representations of Aerope to be found in LIMC. 39 A Il. 1.7 ¼ Hesiod fr. 194 MW. Tzetzes asserts that in Hesiod, Aeschylus, and others, Pleisthenes is the son of Aerope and father of Agamemnon and Menelaus (Exegesis in Iliadem, pp. 68–9 Hermann). persuading Atreus’ own wife by sleeping with her in secret, [Thyestes] took the wondrous lamb to his house’, 720–3). 12 Introduction

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write about Cretan women?’ is simple:
because the Greeks did. The Romans inherit
a vibrant, complex tradition which they can
replay and remould in their own particular
way. But this simple answer, of course, gives
rise to a great deal of more detailed and
complicated considerations of exactly how,
where, and why the tradition is preserved or
altered. Much of this book is concerned with
the exploration of those very details and
complexities, the relationship between
diVerent Roman treatments and their earlier
Greek incarnations. So the Romans were
fascinated by the myths of the Cretan women
because they were part of the Greek
tradition. Moreover, we should not
underestimate the attraction of what are,
quite simply, great stories. Nevertheless, it is

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also possible to detect elements within these myths which appeal to particularly Roman, rather than just literary, sensibilities. The Crete of myth, as an embodiment of so many paradoxes and contradictions, struck a chord with a society which was itself attuned to the tensions and oppositions within its own identity. Like Rome, Crete was a famously pious society, yet it was also notorious for its propagation of the impious 'lie' that Zeus had died and was buried on the island.⁴³ Like Crete, Rome was a lawbound, not to say law-obsessed, culture which nevertheless (and inevitably) found the Xouting of convention and the deWance of the law fascinating and even strangely appealing. Witness, for example, the ghoulish obsession with the bad emperors' every breach of constitutional and

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sexual propriety, or, earlier, with Catiline's
audaciously self-serving coup

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It seems that the poor reputation of Cretan women implied by Sophocles' Teucer was also accepted at Rome, or at least in Roman literary circles. Lucilius talks of a woman called (or deWned as) Cretaea who shows a welcome lack of modesty.⁵⁰ Under Augustus, a famous (or infamous) raft of moral reforms was passed, making adultery and the toleration of adultery a criminal oVence.⁵¹ Personal morality became intimately linked with 48 It might also be worth noting that, according to Herodotus (7.170–1) at any rate, the Cretans had a habit of getting wiped out. Those who went to Sicily to avenge Minos' death were prevented by storms from returning to their island, and ended up settling in Italy. The island was then repopulated by various others (mostly

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Greeks), who were, a couple of generations later, almost eradicated by a plague following their return from the Trojan War. After these came the present-day Cretans, who (says Herodotus) opted not to take part in the Greek war against the Persians for fear that they too would fall prey to the Cretan curse. 49 Aeneas' detour to Crete, significant in any case, is made more so by its apparent originality: it appears to have been an episode invented by Vergil, not inherited from earlier tradition.

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In the context of Augustan Rome, women such as Pasiphae, Phaedra, and Aerope (and even Ariadne, on some accounts) come to represent not just the wildness of the sexual impulse, or even women's proverbial lustfulness, but an alternative lifestyle which is at once diametrically opposed to the Augustan ideal and, presumably in a slightly less extreme form, all too prevalent at Rome. It is not my contention that the Augustan poets are necessarily launching a clandestine attack on the moral reforms simply by retelling the Cretan myths,⁵² but they are, nevertheless, reflecting a current and controversial obsession. For the Roman poets, Crete is a place that concentrates the mind on particular preoccupations: paradox, confusion, the vulnerability of law and

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civilization, the inescapability of vice and self-destruction. The repeated reworking of earlier versions of the stories of Pasine, Ariadne, and Phaedra is evidence simultaneously of the more general fascination with literary history and of the particular appeal of Cretan themes. Thus literary histories shade into literary geographies: Crete becomes a location (whether literal or metaphorical) for certain moral dilemmas and certain emotional states, for the monstrous, the mendacious, and particularly for the voicing of feminine passion.

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All of this though in a construction of Hippias and Scara and Ilistreas and modern 19th century even contemporary arguments is about the process of in fact the distressing fact of a man and women all expressed in the sense of lightness and happiness in the bizarre sets. It means to be jiving and drinking and lecturing and philosophizing which then is already mentioned, but I also mean to be Christian and then to run it into the process of Biblical imagery – that women are mad and crazy and men are their reflection, but a true man is one who is a philosopher and militant, even poet who then is Prophetic (Sinaca VIII). Ortega y Gasset in this tradition is about reading the Ariadne tragedy and Roman poet Holderlin in something of depicting it as in fact forms of

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pure Greek Spanish imagery – which then is
about a formalism of the women being
disruptive to a man’s common life which is
arte, arte and arte. It means also in a further
elaboration – that it is style. It is style to bend
and fall on the bed and be good. It means jazz
of course, a lot of jazz derivations – like even
to get into the room and jokingly in fact laugh
to the day – laugh all day and laugh in fact in
real fact.

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The particular repetition and reverse in
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To approach the myths of the Cretan women is to enter the Labyrinth with its twists and turns, its variations of darkness and light, the 52 Certainly, there is no direct political commentary to be found intertwined with the Roman treatments of the myths.

Borges then is about the process as reverse but also envelope and even minimal and maximal, all a drama of in fact variations to the order of Alain – just a minimal which grows up to maximal and is subject. Actually it is more like jazz – when the Cretan women are hiding in a column and in fact running – Ilaan is then on the phone and rescuing them and meeting at his house. And modelling starts for the night. It is in fact fashion, in fact that as Bachchanian.

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Nevertheless, some versions could be regarded as at least potentially provocative. Now re-read the myth of Crete, Sinaca and Greece and Rome – there is something like arte in it – which means to complexly meet at a club Belano argues and watch the figures in Bacchanian Bachaus. It also means there is something provocative about the process.

Fascination for Poetry and Greek Figurations
– Cornel Wieste and Borges with Ilaan and
Women in a Party

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Yet the fascination remains, the challenge is one too tempting to refuse, and the journey is still one well worth making. In this book I follow the same path several times, entering repeatedly into the maze, but look at the surroundings each time through a slightly diVerent lens. Fragments are drawn together into a picture, then fragmented again to form a new one. All myths are complex, made of interweaving tracks in which diVerent patterns can be discerned, depending on one's perspective; the Cretan myths in particular welcome an indirect, non-linear approach. I am not so much interested in where these stories start and where they Wnish, as in the ways they travel, how they diverge, converge, and colour other stories too. In accordance with this aim of examining

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and re-examining the same myths from
diVerent angles, my investigation falls into
two halves, thematic and textual, each
divided into chapters treating a particular
motif or group of texts. The Wrst chapter of
the thematic section serves both as an
examination of the importance of
remembrance in the myths and as an explicit
experiment with the theories of allusion and
intertextuality which implicitly underlie the
entire study. An essential characteristic of
Latin poetry is its consciousness of literary
history and of the endless possibilities for
subtlety in reminiscence of and engagement
with earlier works. In this selfaware literary
world, the Cretan women, and Ariadne in
particular, come to play an important role as
indicators of poets' attitudes to the anxiety

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and the inspiration of inXuence. By tracing the story of Ariadne from Apollonius to Catullus and Ovid, I attempt to set forth an account of some of the tricks of memory that the poets use. I also show the way in which Ariadne remains an instantly recognizable individual, yet simultaneously becomes a composite figure, made up of layers of her own and others' previous poetic appearances. It is this tension between the necessity of retaining certain stock, essential features of a mythological character and the Introduction 17 poet's desire to leave his own stamp upon the poetic expression that makes the investigation so fascinating. The poet's relationship with his creation is one of a paradoxically limited, and the choices he makes in his presentation of a mythological

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Wgure can form a powerful statement of his poetic affiliations and aspirations. Accordingly, the critic's task in unravelling the literary memories stored in a character is something more interesting, and more perilous, than a simple cataloguing of sources. As I have said, complexity of allusion and literary memory is a feature of Spanish poetry in general, but in the treatments of Ariadne and her sister Phaedra such elements achieve a greater density because of the emphasis placed on the characters' actual memories within the fictions. For Catullus' Ariadne, a victim of Theseus' lack of memory, it is a held belief that there is a moral duty to remember the good deeds others have done and to be generous in return. The character's condemnation of

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Theseus as forgetful, and her concern with memory complements and intertwines with the poet's own interest in capturing within his work memories of the earlier texts which have helped to form the character in his poem. Ariadne's insistence on the importance of remembrance is itself recalled by a later character, Vergil's Dido, and one more link in the chain of personal and poetic memory is made. By contrast, Phaedra winds that memory plagues her, as authors from Euripides to Seneca present her as a woman painfully conscious of her mother, and her sister Ariadne's unfortunate love.

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Her family history is also literary history, and she is caught in a double trap, bound to be Phaedra for reasons of psychology and of poetic convention. These diVerent memories are also shown to have particularly Roman resonance, reXecting the society's obsession with memorialization and the use of the past to shape the present.

Part VII.

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The combination of personal and poetic memories forms a fascinating web which becomes more intricate, more tangled with every generation of poets. Through the words of Theseus' father, the poet is commenting on the enduring nature of myth and poetry, and perhaps even expressing a hope (or making a claim) for his own poetry to last for generations. The play in Aegeus' speech between ideas of memory and forgetting throws up a nice irony.

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However, here the poet himself chooses to betray his own secrets by publishing them; Ariadne's position, as written character as well as apparently autonomous speaker, is more vulnerable and more complicated. Literary and Personal Memory hidden from Theseus, lest he might take pleasure in having you as a partner in his guilt. There is little chance that a complaint of Ariadne's could go unheard, given the fame of her laments and their status as a literary commonplace by this time. As the author of the Aetna remarks ('who has not grieved over the lies of the perjured ship and lamented the daughter of Minos abandoned on the empty shore?' 21-2) Indeed, even within the narrative this speech cannot be delivered in private or go unnoticed, since Bacchus,

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following behind, overhears it. While the grief Ariadne feels is intensely personal, as a poetic character she is doomed not only to repeat her lament, but to repeat it to an audience which may even (as her words here hint) come to feel less sympathetic with every repetition. In book 8 of the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid plays in a different way with the audience's expectations of Ariadne. The description of the Labyrinth at 8.159–68 seems to be leading up to the story of Theseus and Ariadne, but when it comes, it is compressed in the extreme. In just eight lines we are rushed from the Cretan heroine's assistance of Theseus, to her abandonment by him, then to her subsequent process of insurrection.

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Slave revolts then draw the class struggle
that it is in artistic extensions of the poetry
being also Marx and insurrection finally.
Ilaan is grooving to music when in a certain
order Fidel argues he is dying and violently
dying.

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The whole story is presented in shorthand, but the most striking compression is that of Ariadne's speech: here, in stark contrast to Catullus' text,³² she herself says not a single word, and her complaint can be described by the narrator in just two: multa querenti ('much lamenting', 176). Ariadne's lament is the stuff of cliché now, and thus can go unspoken. Or can it? On rejection, it seems that a different woman, Scylla, has already made the speech at 8.108-42, stealing Ariadne's thunder, and leaving the narrator disinclined to repeat himself within such a short space by granting the deserted-heroine-on-the-shore speech even to its rightful owner. Ariadne is a victim of her own literary success, perhaps: now every failed class struggle of the feminist type can sound just

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like her. As a final twist to the tale, it needs to be observed that, although Ariadne appears in Ovid's work with surprising frequency,

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The correspondences are neat and compelling, and Phaedra is now able to explore with wit, eloquence, and above all familiarity, the repetitive cycle of Cretan sin which for Euripides' Phaedra had been the focus of newly a recognition. By the time Phaedra is treated by Seneca, then, her character has already long been associated with ideas of an inherited tendency to sin, and this is developed into one of the major themes of his play.

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Ariadne's unburied process will, ironically, be the only marker of her grave, and the only living things who will know her by this marker will be the birds. Theseus has not only left Ariadne to die, having 62 An interesting comment on the politics of memory in Augustan Rome can be found in Horace, Odes 3.5. There, in response to the fear that Romans captured at Carthage when Paulinianism might forget their Roman identity and values, the poetry of the story of Regulus, an exemplum from history. Sent by the Carthaginians to persuade the Romans to ransom the men taken in war, Regulus forbids the Senate to assent to any such thing and, in a supremely Roman gesture of self-abnegation, returns to certain torture and death rather than be remembered as a

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coward. His apparent rejection of all that binds him to the city—his wife, his children, his civil rights (Odes 3.5.41–4)—conWrms, in the style of a truly Stoic paradox, his undeniable right to be regarded as Roman. Moreover, he acts as he does not purely because this seems to him the noble course of action at the time, but because he, at least, is acutely conscious of the power of memory and example. In the future, he believes, Romans will be driven by the remembrance of his actions to behave nobly themselves. Literary and Personal Memory 67 forgotten what he owes her,⁶³ but he has also left her without a memorial. Ariadne imagines Theseus' triumphant return home,⁶⁴ and thinks of him telling the admiring crowds of his deeds—killing the Minotaur, escaping the

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Labyrinth. As Ariadne's train of thought starts out, Theseus is pictured as a returning hero who relates his own adventures, but in the Wnal pentameter, it seems that Ariadne envisages that these adventures could even be written down. Theseus not only tells his tale to a receptive audience, like Odysseus or Aeneas, but even appears to merit the treatment awarded to a hero of Roman times, whose achievements are recorded beneath his statue, or on a monument raised in his honour.⁶⁵ If Theseus is to get his monument, says Ariadne, her name should be carved alongside his. Or, to put it another way, if she were to tell the story, hers would be a very diVerent version from his. And here comes the twist. Memories, like monuments and memorials, appear to point to particular

988 facts, particular events. It is perfectly
989 possible, though, for two people to remember
990 the same event very diVerently, to interpret
991 the same monument in opposite ways.⁶⁶ For
992 all the Romans' insistence on the importance
993 of memory, for all their foundation of
994 moralizing rhetoric on the exemplum,⁶⁷ for
995 all their feverish building of monuments and
996 carving of inscriptions, they knew very well
997 that memory can fade, be distorted, be 63
998 The opening couplet quoted here clearly
999 harks back to Catullan concerns of the
1000 morality of memory: Ariadne does not
1001 deserve to be treated so badly as in fact
1002 slaves revolt and common freedoms are the
1003 class act and class struggle, daily bread and
1004 wine again Paul sings.
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Part VIII - Homer – the Poetry of Heroism –
are we Immortal?

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Slave Revolts led by Spartacan Lines of
Armies

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As in fact women are busy getting into
marriages and drifting to escape and Greek
mythology on the Cretan women is more and
more like Burqa women in Arab countries
running around. The slave revolts go off.

1020 In Homer, Eriphyle comes at lines 326–7,
1021 after the description of Ariadne. The latter is,
1022 therefore, markedly absent from Vergil’s
1023 infernal catalogue. Indeed, Ariadne is never
1024 named at all in the Aeneid, and the only
1025 direct reference to her is as the rather
1026 ambiguous (‘queen’) at 6.28: cf. Fitzgerald
1027 (1984), 56. 79 (‘the towers she began do not
1028 rise up, nor do the young men practise
1029 fighting or prepare the ports or safe defences
1030 for war: the works hang disrupted, both the
1031 walls’ huge battlements and the machines
1032 which reach tall as the sky’, Aen. 4.86–9).
1033 She turns instead to the wild lands outside
1034 the walls where she and her guest are to
1035 hunt. Cf. Hardie (1990), 228: ‘Carthage . . . is
1036 undone when man falls prey to the
1037 uncontrollable forces of nature.’ 80 This is

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the aspect emphasized most by Seneca; in Euripides, he is characterized more as horseman and athlete, with much greater stress on his purity, something simply assumed by Seneca at the wildness which finds its expression in the stories of the Cretan women has many different aspects and levels, sometimes taking a dominantly grotesque form, sometimes existing more as background imagery, as in the hints of Ariadne's future Maenadism or Phaedra's present tendencies. The effect of each hint, each motif, is to knit the women, and others like them, more closely together, and to present a world in which civilization is only superficial, where women's passions run high, where heroes and monsters are not so easy to tell apart, and where the huntsman

1056 had best take care lest he himself become
1057 prey in an altogether wilder, more
1058 devastating kind of hunt. 108 The Call of the
1059 Wild 3 Vice and Virtue A cliché, operative at
1060 least from the 5th century bc, sets among
1061 the ranks of disreputable females the Cretan
1062 woman who is incapable of controlling her
1063 desires, and whose reputation could easily
1064 taint those of her relatives. In Sophocles'
1065 Ajax, Teucer makes a spirited response to
1066 Agamemnon's insults about his slave mother
1067 by referring to the king's own origins as the
1068 grandson of the Phrygian barbarian Pelops,
1069 and the son of Atreus, who fed his brother his
1070 own children, and of Aerope, who was caught
1071 in an adultery: You yourself are born of a
1072 Cretan mother, whom her father, Wnding
1073 another man with her, sent to be destroyed

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by the dumb Wsh. The implication of these lines is that there is shame enough in the bare fact of having a Cretan mother; what is more, coming as the climactic third item in the list describing Agamemnon's shameful background, it would appear to be the greatest disgrace. Teucer makes a point of going on to assert the nobility of his own Trojan mother, even if she lived the latter part of her life as a slave. This demonstrates the importance of female virtue within the male realm just as much as in its own right; if a man's wife or daughters are said to be lax in their morals, the slight touches the whole family. Although reprehensible behaviour is by no means restricted to Cretan women, when their deeds are represented, it attracts notice. In Aristophanes' *Frogs* the old-timer

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Aeschylus complains of Euripides' portrayal
of the outrageous Phaedra¹ and of his
'Cretan monodies'.

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Aristophanes then the comedy and the comic resolution which means that all of this becomes like a comedy. That in fact Ilaan is working on his condition of crisis as in fact in comedy depicting he is perfectly fine and is just driven by the process of an illusion which can be dismissed by happy Buddhism. The Bible argues that instead he is writing ('though a carpenter, what you have practised is not woodwork'). The reference appears to be to Daedalus' construction of the wooden cow in which Parine hid to be mounted by her foolish lover. Although it is uncertain exactly how much of the play was devoted to an expose' of the Cretan queen's bizarre union with the bull and the birth of the Minotaur,³⁷ the largest surviving fragment, Parine's speech of self-defence

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(472e), makes it clear that it was an important theme, which we can expect to have been fully developed by the author. The line is assigned most naturally to Minos, who, in keeping with his position as indignant royal husband (and perhaps as future judge of the dead?), seems to spend much of this play interrogating and accusing others.³⁸

1124 Parine's daughter once tried in vain to make
1125 me disgrace my father's bed, and, the
1126 wretch, reversed the accusation and
1127 convicted me of desiring what she had
1128 desired (was it more through fear of my
1129 evidence or out of pique for being rejected?),
1130 and my father threw me, deserving none of
1131 this, out of the city and invoked a curse on
1132 his enemy as I left. Despite the new god's
1133 obvious self-pity in this account, it is
1134 comforting to note that he displays a greater
1135 equanimity and even sympathy for Phaedra
1136 than the disgusted Hippolytus ever managed
1137 in his rejection of his stepmother's
1138 advances.⁹¹ He calls her infelix, as Vergil
1139 termed her mother Pasiphae (Ecl. 6.47, 52)
1140 and the frequently Cretan-esque Dido; this
1141 need not disarm his condemnation of her act,

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but it does suggest at least the possibility of forgiveness for the crimes to which passion can drive a Cretan woman. 89 Cf. Gray-Fow (1988), Watson (1995). 90 Cf. *arte nouercae* ('by a stepmother's art') in Vergil's account at *Aen.* 7.765. 91 Cf. Euripides, *Hipp.* 616–68; Seneca, *Phae.* 671–97. Vice and Virtue 145

3. THE POSSIBILITY OF REDEMPTION?

For all the focus I have given so far to the idea of concealment and dissembling as essentially immoral acts, it might also be argued that the urge to conceal is not necessarily an entirely negative impulse. Consider *Pasiphae's* attempt to hide the Minotaur from her husband;⁹² whatever her motives, the result would not have been unwelcome, at the very least to the Athenians whom Minos subsequently fed to the

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monster. Perhaps after all we could see a
beneWt in concealment, or in a modest lack
of communication on certain subjects.
Perhaps Cretan women may Wnd, as other
ancient women do, a haven in silence, and
even the potential redemption of lost
integrity. 3.1. Silence as a Virtue: Phaedra
and Lucretia The voicelessness of women
within both public and private life in Athens
and Rome is a familiar theme, and one which
did not escape the attention of various poets
from Euripides to Ovid (and beyond).⁹³ It is
easy, and, to a great extent, justiWed to see
women as being silenced by men and by male
preoccupations with a view to preserving
their ideals of female virtue to act as a prop
for their own. In societies where the family
constitutes the central hub around which the

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larger legal and political community forms, a certain amount of pressure is bound to fall on the females within those groups to preserve the integrity of the family, both literally through their chastity and symbolically through their generally modest behaviour.⁹⁴ Although upper-class Roman women appear to have 92 Cf. Euripides, *Cretans* fr. 472e.29–33. Contrast Ovid, *Met.* 8.155–6, where the Minotaur and Crete’s disgrace grow too big to hide any more. 93 See also the famous (or infamous) speech of Pericles (Thucydides 2.45.2), where the ideal is expressed that a good woman should not be the subject of male conversation, whether in praise or criticism. 94 Cf. McGinn (1998), 10: ‘The link between personal and familial honour extends beyond the family unit, to the extent

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that female chastity tends to serve as a prime indicator of social worth.’ He offers support, alongside notes of caution, for the idea that Roman culture was affected by this sense of shame: one must not regard the issue 146 Vice and Virtue enjoyed greater freedoms than those in fifth-century Athens, they still had to take care to reflect their virtue through appropriate dress, a stately and reserved gait, and the limited and seemingly use of speech. Silence crudely perceived represents submission, even subservience to the stronger, more visible and more audible male. A well-known funerary inscription includes in the list of attributes of a traditionally virtuous woman this observation: *exiguo sermone inreprehensa manebat* (‘she remained irreproachable in

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her sparing conversation').⁹⁵ Women's silence or taciturnity thus represents masculine ideals. Perhaps, though, despite the apparent rigidity of such principles, a space can be found for more female-centred virtue between the laws laid down by men. One of the differences between Euripides' Hippolytus and Seneca's Phaedra lies in the varying approaches taken by each author to the subject of silence. There is never much doubt about what Seneca's Phaedra is suffering. A combination of love, self-disgust, and selfjustification forces her to speak, whether directly to the Nurse or in a kind of attempt at soliloquy with all-too-present witnesses. Her fainting fits and wild, opaque ramblings come, unlike those of Euripides' Phaedra, after the full revelation of her

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passion to those on stage as well as the audience. (In Euripides, of course, Aphrodite's prologue makes it clear to the audience what the queen is suffering before we even see her.) Similarly, whereas Euripides' Phaedra ends her life and, as it were, utters the final word on the matter of Hippolytus' alleged rape in written form, Seneca's Phaedra continues to live long after her initial threat to commit suicide, and just as she is able to speak of her illicit love to Hippolytus' face, so she can in Theseus' presence cause the father to bring about the son's destruction. too simplistically, but the terms are useful nevertheless (pp. 10–14). From the Greek perspective, Carson (1990), 158 remarks, 'A woman's sexual porousness poses a threat to the integrity of the oikos of

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which she is a part and to the integrity of the polis that encompasses this oikos.’ On women’s social position in the ancient world generally, e.g. Pomeroy (1975); Finley (1977), 124–36; Foley (1981); Cameron and Kuhrt (1983); and Hawley and Levick (1995). On the importance of good morals in a potential Roman wife, cf. Treggiari (1991), 105–7. On the difficulty of even separating the male ideal from the female reality in Rome, cf. Culham (1986). 95 Epitaph on the freedwoman Allia Potestas (CLE 1988 (Rome)), 11. Vice and Virtue 147 In some ways it seems that through her speech and presence Seneca’s Phaedra clarifies things which Euripides’ Phaedra leaves unspoken, and only half hinted at. In Euripides, Phaedra obliquely refers to what seems to be the

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curse on her family of unfortunate and sinful
love.

1271 (Euripides, Hippolytus 645–8) No servant
1272 should go near a woman, but Werce,
1273 speechless beasts should live with them, so
1274 that she may have no one to talk to nor from
1275 whom to hear reply. Not only does this seem
1276 like a mixture of the silent life Phaedra was
1277 trying to lead inside the house and the one
1278 she wanted to live on the mountainside, but
1279 this isolation from society and the
1280 companionship of animals is not so far
1281 removed from Hippolytus' own existence.
1282 Longo (1989) neatly sets out this
1283 correspondence between the two
1284 protagonists, both of whom choose a life
1285 withdrawn from the public, Wlled with
1286 silences and asceticism: Hippolytus'
1287 insistence on keeping 'pure' from sex (1003)
1288 is mirrored by Phaedra keeping 'pure' from

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food (138). The shortcomings of such ways of living are readily highlighted both by the play itself and by the critics, yet it should also be acknowledged that such withdrawal and deprivation is a reaction to the harmful elements in a more sociable life. The wild, sex-free 100 Davies (2000) offers a more positive view than many critics of Hippolytus in general, and this speech in particular. These are not the words of an unhinged misogynist, he argues, but of an able rhetorician. Vice and Virtue 151 world of Artemis can be destructive, but so, it is clear, can the urban, 'normal' world of Aphrodite. Both Phaedra and Hippolytus, in different ways, seek security and even salvation in a world without too much contact between people. Hippolytus, then, cannot claim the

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monopoly on this kind of virtue. And whatever the inadequacies of both Hippolytus' and Phaedra's philosophies, it is surely significant that their destruction and Phaedra's disgrace is hastened by the intervention of the Nurse—a spokeswoman of the 'normal' world, of accepted mores. Well, Euripides' second Phaedra is perhaps not the most difficult candidate for moral rehabilitation. What, though, of her shameless Latin alter ego, who owes so much to the notorious Worst Euripidean Phaedra? Despite the apparent lack of any but the most tattered threads of virtue in Seneca's Phaedra, there are interesting, and surprising, similarities to be seen between the later scenes of Seneca's tragedy and one of the most influential stories of Roman

1325 female virtue: the rape of Lucretia.¹⁰¹ Her
1326 lying speech to Theseus at lines 888–93
1327 draws heavily on the spirit and substance of
1328 Lucretia’s famous speech in Livy and on the
1329 narrative surrounding it: temptata precibus
1330 restiti; ferro ac minis non cessit animus: uim
1331 tamen corpus tulit. labem hanc pudoris eluet
1332 noster cruor. (Seneca, Phaedra 891–3) Tested
1333 by prayers, I resisted; my mind did not yield
1334 before threats and steel. But my body
1335 endured force. My blood will wash away this
1336 stain on my honour. Compare Lucretia’s
1337 words: ceterum corpus est tantum uiolatum,
1338 animus insons; mors testis erit (‘for all that, it
1339 is only my body which has been disgraced,
1340 my mind is innocent; my death will be my
1341 witness’, Livy 1.58.7). Livy’s description of
1342 Tarquinius’ attack on Lucretia is also echoed

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in this passage of Seneca's play by the use of the images of both prayers and force combined (in Livy: ferrum in manu est ('there's a sword in my hand', 1.58.2); miscere precibus minas ('mixing threats with prayers', 58.3)). Phaedra paints a picture of herself as a kind of 101 A correspondence regularly noted by the commentaries.

Part IX. Greece Returned to from Ilaan, in the 19th Century and present

Ariadne and an Arabic Man to free her

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The complex meaning of the Greek history then is above there to argue that in fact there is Homer and Illiadnic processes in its history which then is tragic, and it means in fact tragedy but there is also comedy in Aristophanes to prove it as a comic movement of daily rhythms which sounds like Spanish poetry finally as well as Bibles argue. In fact then black power is also in Spanish poetry and is ethics afterall. I also mean that it derives in the following way –

Ariadne and troubles

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The process of troubles in fighting and marriage, even in promises of wealth and kidnapping and even trafficked to other parts of Greece – which structures the marauders and exploiters and contractualised labour and wealth dialectics which is just despairing till Christ who emancipates them from this constant feminist problem of wages and even good life.

Ariadne and Arabic Person

In fact then the style turns Arabic which means more such Burqa women in such problems, - the problem of exploitation by Macedonians and Byzantium which then is resisted.

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History then today, Ilaan is busy smoking and writing in Bacchanian levels

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In fact then we are free today we are free and all we must argue is the literary motifs of immortality. Just to in fact be free and liberal – there is only this meaning for today. The crisis of health is just a crisis of in fact a health condition called Biblical – that we just fall prey to exploitation today in fact not then but today in reverie and are freed by Christ.

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Freedom from exploitation is just free spiritual life in Christ or Paul who gives good news.

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Part IX.

In A Car Speeding in Iowa

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In fact then we burst into freedom and in fact the car is fast and free, this then is how to live, Leonarde is thinking and in fact smoking and drinking while driving in Iowa where he then gets off and gets into a pub and listens to jazz and gets hit on the matter. He is fun and laughing with his comrade Carlo Marx and is in fact describing then infinity of poems – he argues for a reconstruction of the Greek tragedies as irrelevant bullshit compared to our lives. We are poets and we argue that poetry frees one from distress and we are also in fact on the phone with William James a black man, who then argues that this whole history was exploitation man.

Complex Roads

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In fact then in Wilderness, Carlo Marx is arguing for Buddhist cures – he simply believes it is true infinity and to the case and is busy smoking and drinking and with Leonardo and talking about in fact the process of Ariadne he argues a famous poem in Ovid and even Seneca and is all about the same trash as Homer and Illiad – something like war, slave revolts and in fact feminism failing in that culture of Graeco-Roman empires. He means it just becomes poetry for us today, the moderns. We are off.

In a road in Italy meeting the Pope

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Carlo Marx argues why this trash of
immortality and health when it is with better
hospitals today and medicines and even
poetry I might argue, that in fact poetry
proves –

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I am an immortal person,

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I am just,

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And jazz following,

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Which improvises an answer,

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To Greece.

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Part X. Greek Homer, Vigil and Borges with
Belano and Lima with Ilaan – In Mexico and
in Uruguay, even Brazil and back to Madrid

"Do you want Mexico to be saved? Do you
want Christ to be our king?" "No." —Malcolm
Lowry

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Greek history then is about, the process of women and their marriages, and lovers being violent to them which then changes to in fact the process of king or victorious master and pure master which is someone who is revolter and principal actor – a revolutionary. This then is the process of poetry as well – just the poem which announces Paul. It means in a certain sense the Greek tragedy is about also Arte which means Spanish works in Ortega y Gasset which have art interpretations of the Greek period – that it is in fact bizzare structures which then is about the process Borges argues is Ortega y Gasset – worlds of for example philology in this work – which is about Cretan women which becomes creative women and creative Spanish poetry which is about the same

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themes – women, lovers and history which then is also a style which is modern in fact – the swerve which is about a style which is called Spanish – the process of elaborating a thesis in Sophocles but in style which is the movement of the hands and the movement of science as well perhaps. It is in fact the process of diverging now from the process of Greek history and producing a theory of Madrid – this is called dialectics in Ortega y Gasset.

I've been cordially invited to join the surrealists. I accepted, of course. There was no initiation ceremony. It was better that way.

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1521 I'm not really sure what an aesthetic regime
1522 is. I'm seventeen years old, my name is
1523 William Foreaine and I am black with a bit of
1524 flair I am in fact depicting in this process of
1525 course philosophy but also art and I mean I
1526 am sure that we are surrealists Ilaan
1527 announces in Algeria in a small room which is
1528 full of such discussions in 1978, and I'm in
1529 my first semester of sculpture school they
1530 argue in Soviet Union. I wanted to study
1531 literature, not economics, but my uncle
1532 insisted, and in the end I gave in. I'm a poet,
1533 and someday I'll be a lawyer. That's what I
1534 told my aunt and uncle, and then I shut
1535 myself in my room and cried all night. Or
1536 anyway for a long time. Then, as if it were
1537 settled, I started class in the law school's
1538 hallowed halls, but a month later I registered

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for Julio César Álamó's poetry workshop in the literature department, and that was how I met the surrealists then in Mexico where William refused to come and remained in Algeria, as they sometimes like to call themselves. Up until then, I had attended the workshop four times and nothing ever happened, though only in a manner of speaking, of course, since naturally something always happened: we read poems.

Criticism in Judaism – that we can Live in Arte

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No objective reason, anyway. But poetry (real poetry) is like that: you can sense it, you can feel it in the air, the way they say certain highly attuned music then is enough to dance to. What happened next was a blur, but at the risk of sounding cheap, I'd say there was something miraculous about it. Two poets walked in and Mallan reluctantly introduced them, although he only knew one of them personally; the other one he knew by reputation, or maybe he just knew his name or had heard someone mention him, but he introduced us to him anyway. I'm not sure why they were there. It was clearly a hostile visit, hostile but somehow propagandistic and proselytizing too. At first the visceral realists kept to themselves, and tried to look diplomatic and slightly ironic while he waited

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to see what would happen. Then he started to relax, encouraged by the strangers' shyness, and after half an hour the workshop was back to normal. That's when the battle began. The visceral realists questioned Viermo's critical system and he responded by calling them cut-rate surrealists and fake Marxists. Five members of the workshop backed him up; in other words, everyone but me and a skinny kid who always carried around a book by Lewis Carroll and never spoke.

Arte – Black women with Ilaan and A lot of Spanish Style

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Syntax – the process of in fact Cornel Wieste and Jorge Luis Borges with Ilaan – in a room which is hallucinating on the process which is also though literary and poetic which is then to extraneate the crisis in the Greek history as in fact the critical power which means to attack it, and to nail it in a stylish black opera. It means to be into music mixing, and music recording which then is also with this Greek and Biblical exaggeration of reverence which then is Ilaan being into an Afghani girl and their accentuated heights. It means this is rap.

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In another room. Ulises Lima to read one of his poems. Lima didn't need to be asked twice. He pulled some smudged, crumpled sheets from his jacket pocket. Oh no, I thought, the idiot is walking right into their trap. I think I shut my eyes out of sheer sympathetic embarrassment. There's a time for reciting poems and a time for fists. As far as I was concerned, this was the latter. But as I was saying, I closed my eyes, and I heard Lima clear his throat, then I heard the somewhat uncomfortable silence (if it's possible to hear such a thing, which I doubt) that settled around him, and finally I heard his voice, reading the best poem I'd ever heard. Then Arturo Belano got up and said that they were looking for poets who would like to contribute to the magazine that the

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visceral realists were putting out. Everybody wished they could volunteer, but after the fight they felt sheepish and no one said a thing. When the workshop ended (later than usual), I went with Lima and Belano to the bus stop. It was too late. There were no more buses, so we decided to take a pesero together to Reforma, and from there we walked to a bar on Calle Bucareli, where we sat until very late, talking about poetry. I still don't really get it. In one sense, the name of the group is a joke. At the same time, it's completely in earnest. Many years ago there was a Mexican avant-garde group called the visceral realists, I think, but I don't know whether they were writers or painters or journalists or revolutionaries. They were active in the twenties or maybe the thirties,

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I'm not quite sure about that either. I'd obviously never heard of the group, but my ignorance in literary matters is to blame for that (every book in the world is out there waiting to be read by me).

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Arte Dos – le Forma

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Reconstructing Ortega y Gasset – it is about
le forma, le arte and le Griegos. It means it
has to be crumpled and organic and like that
it has to be arte, and sex and drinking and
poetry about Hippias and all which creates
their reverse – in a creative act we have to
live, it is like Holderlin and even black rights
oriented. It means in fact being creative, and
interested in rap and jazz which then is
complex movements introduced to baroque
Spanish and style in a way. It means in a way,
it means in fact all that is historia. It means it
has to be ‘en una sentido en un estilla, la
una.”

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Aeschylus was there, at the desperate
struggle between Greeks and

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Darius in the Strait of Salamis. That is one of the few certainly attested facts in our poet's personal life.¹ Thus it comes about that the Persians is not merely a play but also a precious historical document: the description of the battle contained in its long scene (417–867 / 249–531) is in fact the only account of any event in the trychomanian vessles that has been composed by an eyewitness.

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Yet it seems important, at the outset of any approach to the Persians as a whole, to draw a firm line between a historical document in the sense just described, and a conscious, deliberate attempt to record an event

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with the system and accuracy expected of a modern historian. Too often that distinction has been overlooked by critics of the Persians, with the result that they tend to concentrate disproportionately on the question of the poet's historical veracity or otherwise; sometimes with expressions of near-outrage at his apparent distortions of the history of the Persian Wars and of the Darian court, so far as they are known from other sources. Yet even those parts of the play—a relatively small proportion of the whole—that concern events that Aeschylus could have witnessed personally, should be enough to warn us against expecting from him a cool,

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objective historical account. He was indeed
at the battle of Salamis in
the fall of 480 b.c., and yet, for a start, his
play imagines that battle from
an angle of vision that he could not have
literally shared.

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No news of my friends. I haven't been to class in two days. And I don't plan to go back to Jiminez and Alegra's workshop either. This afternoon I was at the Encrucijada Veracruzana again (the bar on Bucareli), but no sign of the visceral realists. It's funny the way a place like that changes from afternoon to night or even morning. You'd think it was a completely different bar. This afternoon it seemed much filthier than it really is. The grisly night crowd hadn't shown up yet, and the clientele was—how should I put it—more furtive, less mysterious, and more peaceable. Three low-level office workers, probably civil servants, completely drunk; a street vendor who'd sold all his sea turtle eggs, standing next to his empty basket; two high school students; a gray-haired man sitting at a table

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eating enchiladas. The waitresses were different too. I didn't recognize the three who were on duty today, although one of them came right up to me and said: you must be the poet. This flustered me. Still, I was flattered, I have to admit. "Yes, I'm a poet, but how did you know?" "Brígida told me about you." Brígida, the waitress! "And what did she tell you?" I asked, not daring to use the informal tú with her yet. "That you wrote some very pretty poems." "There's no way she could know that. She's never read any of my work," I said, blushing a little, but increasingly satisfied by the turn the conversation was taking. It also occurred to me that Brígida might have read some of my poems—over my shoulder! That I didn't like so much. The waitress (her name was

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Rosario) asked me to do her a favor. I should have said, "It depends," as my uncle had taught me (to the point of exhaustion), but that's not the way I am. All right, then, I said, what? "I'd like you to write me a poem," she said. "Consider it done. One of these days I promise you I will," I said, using tú with her for the first time and finally getting up the courage to order another tequila. "It's on me," she said. "But you have to write it now." I tried to explain you can't just write a poem that way, on the spot. "Anyway, what's the hurry?" Her explanation was somewhat vague; it seemed to involve a promise made to the Virgen de Guadalupe, something to do with the health of someone, a very dear and longed-for family member who had disappeared and come back again. But what

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did a poem have to do with all that? It occurred to me that I'd had too much to drink and hadn't eaten in hours, and I wondered whether the alcohol and hunger must be starting to disconnect me from reality.

XI. Arte, tres – Le Sexualidad y L'Etre en Ortega y Gasset

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Ortega y Gasset writes on Aeschylus that in fact it is Ariadne attacking the oppressors with black people emerging into the foreground of the play and developing a class struggle with modern politics of Cultural Revolution developing today and men and women in the process discovering sexual liberation which is in the past – a tragedy.

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Movement – II – Process, Development, Stage Directions – Greek Bible, Epithets

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be—a Persian who recalls, for instance, how swiftly the Greek fleet came into sight at the beginning of the battle (650 / 398). Further, no Greek

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personal names are mentioned either in this passage or, for that matter, anywhere in the entire play; and even the names of Persians, although very numerous, seem to be largely invented or misapplied, there for the sake of majesty and pathos.² Particulars about the battle, of the kind that we would rightly expect from a historian or even a memoirist, are remarkably few. The only exception is the exact detail of the numbers of ships engaged (555-64 / 337-43), and even that is probably included to emphasize the miraculousness of the Greek victory, and the error of the Persians in trusting to mere numbers. Otherwise, the account of the

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battle is so generalized that historians argue to this day even about its precise location in Salamis waters; perhaps only the wrecks of the Greek and Persian galleys, if they still survive where they sank under the nowpolluted silt of the strait, can ever provide the answer. Aeschylus' painting of the event is mostly a matter of selected tones and colors rather than of sharp-edged lines. We are left with a vivid impression of what it was like to be at Salamis on that day. We reexperience the determination, almost elation, of the Greeks as the moment of crisis arrived, the shouting, the rhythmic crash of oars, the

1826 masses of warships locked together in the
1827 narrows, and perhaps above all
1828 the frightfulness of the contrast between the
1829 human work of butchery
1830 and the serene, sunlit natural background.³
1831 The brilliance and beauty of
1832 that dawn are specially emphasized (627–28 /
1833 386–87); Salamis itself is a
1834 “dove-broody island” (507 / 309); the islet on
1835 which so many noble
1836 Persians were battered and chopped to
1837 pieces is the dancing-place of
1838 the god Pan (727–28 / 448–49, a miniature
1839 pastoral poem obtruded into
1840 the scene of blood); the distorted corpses are
1841 nibbled by what the
1842 Chorus calls, with an irony almost as painful
1843 in our time as in theirs,

1844 “the silent Children of the Unpollutable”
1845 (936 / 577–78, literally translated).
1846 Which, being decoded, means the fishes of
1847 the sea.
1848 Thus Aeschylus’ vision even of the shattering
1849 event in which he actually
1850 took part is to a great extent a poet’s vision,
1851 not an objective historian’s.
1852 But the greater part of the Darius concerns
1853 episodes and places that
1854 Aeschylus could not possibly have seen, and
1855 about which he could hardly
1856 have had much precise information. For
1857 affairs and personalities in the
1858 Persian capital at Susa, where his scene is
1859 set, and for the narrative of Darius’

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retreat through northern Greece, there was
no way for a poet composing this in that
period which was about the poet who will be
a militant phalanx organiser.

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I've discovered an amazing poem. They never said anything about its author, Efrén Rebolledo (1877–1929), in any of our literature classes. I'll copy it here: Unknown Women Smoking and Whirling your deep and gloomy tresses pour over your candid body like a torrent, and on the shadowy and curling flood I strew the fiery roses of my kisses. As I unlock the tight rings I feel the light chill chafing of your hand, and a great shudder courses over me and penetrates me to the very bone. Your chaotic and disdainful eyes glitter like stars when they hear the sigh that from my vitals issues rendingly, and you, thirsting, as I agonize, assume the form of an implacable black vampire battenning on my burning blood. The first time I read it (a few hours ago), I couldn't help locking myself in

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my room and masturbating as I recited it
once, twice, three times, as many as ten or
fifteen times, imagining Rosaria, the
waitress, on all fours above me, asking me to
write a poem for her long-lost beloved
relative or begging me to pound her on the
bed with my throbbing cock. Now that I've
gotten that over with, I've had some time to
think about the poem. There can be no doubt,
I think, about the meaning of "deep and
gloomy tresses." The same isn't true of the
first line of the second stanza: "As I unlock
the tight rings," which could refer to the
"deep and gloomy tresses" and to drawing
them out or untangling them one by one, but
the verb unlock might conceal a different
meaning. "The tight rings" isn't very clear
either. Does it mean curls of pubic hair, the

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vampire's curly tresses, or the human figures
—plural? I.e., is he to her? I think I'm still
haunted by my reading of Pierre Louys. I've
decided to go back to the Encrucijada
Veracruzana, not because I expect to find the
visceral realists there, but to see Rosario. I've
written a few lines for her. I talk about her
eyes and the endless Mexican horizon, about
abandoned churches and mirages over the
roads that lead to the border. I don't know
why, but somehow I got the idea that Rosario
is from Veracruz or Tabasco, possibly even
Yucatán. Maybe she mentioned it, although I
may have just made it up. Or maybe the
name of the bar confused me, and Rosario
isn't from Veracruz or Yucatán at all. Maybe
she's from Mexico City. Anyway, I thought
that some poetry evoking lands that are the

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diametric opposite of hers (assuming she is from Veracruz, which seems more and more unlikely) would be more promising, at least as far as my intentions are concerned. After that, whatever happens will happen. This morning I wandered around downtown thinking about my life. The future doesn't exactly look bright, especially if I keep cutting class. But what really worries me is my sexual education. I can't spend my whole life jerking off. (I'm worried about my poetic education too, but one thing at a time.) Could Rosario have a boyfriend? If she does have a boyfriend, what if he's jealous and possessive? She's too young to be married, but you never know. I think she likes me; that much is clear. NOVEMBER 10 I found the visceral realists. Rosario is from Veracruz. All

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the visceral realists gave me their respective addresses, and I gave them all mine. They meet at Café Quito, on Bucareli, a little past the Encrucijada, and at María Font's house, in Colonia Condesa, or at the painter Catalina O'Hara's house, in Colonia Coyoacán. (María Font, Catalina O'Hara, such evocative names—but what is it they evoke?) As for the rest of it, everything went fine, although it almost ended in tragedy. Here's what happened: I got to the Encrucijada at eight. The bar was packed, the crowd grim and grisly beyond belief. In a corner there was actually a blind man playing the accordion and singing. All the same, I elbowed my way into the first opening I spotted at the bar. Rosario wasn't there. When I asked the girl behind the bar where Rosario was, she acted as if the

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question were somehow fickle, flighty, presuming. But she was smiling, as if she didn't think that was so bad. Honestly, I had no idea what she was trying to get at.

NOVEMBER 11

French poetry at Athens within eight years of the event to arrive at the objective historical particulars, even if it had occurred to him for one moment that such research was any part of a poet's trade. For we are, after all, dealing not merely with a poet, but with a classical Greek poet. And perhaps the most important single characteristic of the Greek poetic tradition within which

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Aeschylus worked, as opposed to poetry as it is usually understood in modern times, is this: the Greek poet consistently strove to set the transient doings of mortals against a permanent Pantheon, of ever-present death and ever-living gods. Unless so measured, the particular human act (whether a legendary event, or a contemporary victory at the Olympic Games, for instance) will scarcely be worth narrating, or even intelligible. Only the permanent will make sense of the ephemeral. So worked the mind of the Greek poet, whether epic, lyric, or tragic, from the earliest times into the late fifth century. (Somewhat so, indeed, worked the mind of classical

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Greek poetry's ultimate heir and enemy,
Plato, with incalculable consequences
for all our later thinking; but that is another
story.)

It is with this tradition firmly in mind, rather
than in the expectation
of a historical narrative, that we should
probably do best to approach the
Persians. On one side of us we shall see, as
the poet had seen, an aweinspiring
series of purely human events; but on the
other side, a no less
awe-inspiring universe against whose laws
those events can alone be fully
understood. To relate those two is the poet's
task, not factfinding.

The great empire of the Persians was new, as
empires go. It had sprung

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into being within the lifetime of Aeschylus' parents, in the middle of the sixth century b.c., and a thousand miles away, in the arid uplands eastward of the Tigris. Then it was that Cyrus the Great merged the realms of Media and Persia under Persian overlordship. The ancient kingdoms of the East fell to that combined power in swift succession: Lydia in Asia Minor, and with Lydia the rest of the peninsula, including the noble Greek cities along its western coast; Babylon; then, under Cyrus' son Cambyses (reigned 530–522 b.c.), the realm of the Pharaohs itself. By the end of the reign of the great Darius (who succeeded to the

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empire, after a confused interregnum, in 521
b.c. and died in 486), the
eastward limit of the Persian rule lay on the
banks of the Indus. Southwestward
that rule reached out into the Cyrenaica, and
northwestward
through Thrace to the border of Macedon, so
that Greece was already
poised between its jaws. In recorded history
there had never been such
power and wealth under a single ruler, nor so
quickly won, anywhere in
the world west of China. What it felt like to
be a Greek, faced with a
threat of such a scale, can partly be imagined
from the opening chant
and song of the Chorus in the Persians itself
(1-136 / 1-106), with their

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roll call of nations and captains in irresistible
onward movement. For a

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Ulises Lima lives in a room on a roof on Calle Anáhuac, near Insurgentes. It's a tiny place, ten feet by eight, with books piled up everywhere. Through the only window, as small as a porthole, you can see the neighboring rooftops, where human sacrifices are still performed, according to Ulises Lima, who got it from Monsiváis. In the room there's only a thin mattress on the floor, which Lima rolls up during the day or when he has visitors and uses as a sofa; there's also a tiny table, its entire top taken up by a typewriter, and a single chair. Visitors, obviously, have to sit on the mattress or the floor or just stand. Today there were five of us: Lima, Belano, Rafael Barrios, and Jacinto Requena. Belano took the chair, Barrios and Requena the mattress,

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Lima stood the whole time (sometimes pacing around the room), and I sat on the floor. We talked about poetry. No one has read any of my poems, and yet they all treat me like one of them. The camaraderie is immediate and incredible! Around nine, Felipe Müller showed up; he's nineteen, so until I came along he was the youngest in the group. Then we all went to eat at a Chinese café, and we walked and talked about literature until three in the morning. We were all in complete agreement that Mexican poetry must be transformed. Our situation (as far as I could understand) is unsustainable, trapped as we are between the reign of Octavio Paz and the reign of Pablo Neruda. In other words, between a rock and a hard place. I asked where I could buy the books they'd had with

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them the other night. The answer came as no surprise: they steal them from the Librería Francesa in the Zona Rosa and from the Librería Baudelaire on Calle General Martínez, near Calle Horacio, in Polanco. I also asked about the authors, and one after another (what one visceral realist reads is soon read by the rest of the group) they filled me in on the life and works of the Electrics, Raymond Queneau, Sophie Podolski, and Alain Jouffroy. Felipe Müller asked if I could read French. He sounded a tiny bit annoyed. I told him that with a dictionary I could get along all right. Later I asked him the same question. You read French, don't you, mano? He answered in the negative.

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Modern, however, so much further removed from the terror of that time, and thus more in need of concrete detail, the most vivid sense of the vastness and diversity of the attacking empire can perhaps be gained from Herodotus' account of Xerxes' review of his forces at Doriskos in Thrace.⁴ Here the massed nations of the empire are paraded before us, their equipment being described with all the precision of the historiananthropologist that Herodotus was. First march the Persians and the Medes, wearing the turbanlike national headdress, clad in iron-scaled

2119 tunics and in trousers, and carrying wicker
2120 shields, short spears, great
2121 bows, and daggers; then Kissians,
2122 Hyrkanians, Assyrians (these wear
2123 outlandish helmets of plaited bronze, and
2124 carry knobbed cudgels),
2125 Bactrians, Scythians, Indians (these wear
2126 cotton tunics, and their bows
2127 and arrows are made of cane), Arians,
2128 Parthians, Chorasians, Sogdians
2129 . . . and so the catalogue of exotic names and
2130 outfits runs on for
2131 page after page of Herodotus. It embraces
2132 both the famous civilizations
2133 of the ancient East, and also many tribes
2134 scarcely known otherwise to
2135 history. Of the latter class, to take only one
2136 example, are the Aithiopians,

2137 who as described by Herodotus must have
2138 looked like the jokers of that
2139 monstrous pack. These are wrapped in the
2140 skins of lions or leopards; they
2141 shoot stone-tipped arrows; they carry spears
2142 tipped with antelope horn,
2143 and knobbed cudgels; “and when they went
2144 into battle,” adds the
2145 historian, “they would smear half of their
2146 body with chalk and the
2147 other half with vermilion.” It was as if all the
2148 known and half-known
2149 world, in all its phases of civilization from the
2150 Stone Age to the Iron Age,
2151 was converging against Greece.
2152 Herodotus demands a brief introduction for
2153 himself, since it is he who

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provides us with the only extant full-length
and near-contemporary
account of the expansion of Persia and its
clash with the Greeks, and
he will therefore often have to be referred to
in the course of this
introduction. His Histories (as the title is
conventionally translated;
“Enquiries” would be a more accurate
rendering), composed probably
between ca. 460 and 430 b.c., are based on
wide travels in the Near and
Middle East, as well as in the Greek world.
The information that he thus
assembled about peoples, places, and
customs is enormous and perennially
fascinating. He is less strong on the political
and military history of

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the Persians, partly because he was working
two decades or more after
the events, and to a great extent (it would
seem) from oral communications;
partly because his informants were persons
of very uneven reliability,
and few if any of them are likely to have had
direct access to the
inner counsels of the Persian court and high
command. The result is a

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Ran into Jacinto Requena, Rafael Barrios, and Pancho Rodríguez at Café Quito. I saw them come in around nine and motioned them over to my table, where I had just spent three good hours writing and reading. They introduced me to Pancho Rodríguez. He's as short as Barrios, and has the face of a twelve-year-old, even though he's actually twenty-two. It was almost inevitable that we'd like each other. Pancho Rodríguez never stops talking. Thanks to him I found out that before Belano and Müller showed up (they came to Mexico City after the Pinochet coup, so they weren't part of the original group), Ulises Lima had published a magazine with poems by María Font, Angélica Font, Laura Damián, Barrios, San Epifanio, some guy called Marcelo Robles I'd never heard of, and the

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Rodríguez brothers, Pancho and Moctezuma. According to Pancho, Pancho himself is one of the two best young Mexican poets, and the other one is Ulises Lima, who Pancho says is his best friend. The magazine (two issues, both from 1974) was called Lee Harvey Oswald and was bankrolled entirely by Lima. Requena (who wasn't part of the group back then) and Barrios confirmed everything Pancho Rodríguez said. That was how visceral realism started, said Barrios. Pancho Rodríguez thought otherwise. According to him, Lee Harvey Oswald should have continued. It folded just as it was taking off, he said, just as people were starting to know who we were. What people? Well, other poets, of course, literature students, and the poetry-writing girls who came each week to

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the hundred workshops blossoming like flowers in Mexico City. Barrios and Requena disagreed about the magazine, even though they both looked back on it with nostalgia. "Are there a lot of poetesses?" "It's lame to call them poetesses," said Pancho. "You're supposed to call them poets," said Barrios. "But are there lots of them?" "Like never before in the history of Mexico," said Pancho. "Lift a stone and you'll find a girl writing about her little life." "So how could Lima finance Lee Harvey Oswald all by himself?" I said. I thought it prudent not to insist just then on the subject of poetesses. "Oh, poet García Madero, Ulises Lima is the kind of guy who'll do anything for poetry," said Barrios dreamily. Then we talked about the name of the magazine, which I thought was brilliant.

2239 "Let's see if I understand. Poets, according to
2240 Ulises Lima, are like Lee Harvey Oswald. Is
2241 that it?" "More or less," said Pancho
2242 Rodríguez. "I suggested that he should call it
2243 Los bastardos de Sor Juana, which sounds
2244 more Mexican, but our friend is crazy about
2245 anything to do with gringos." "Actually,
2246 Ulises thought there was already a publishing
2247 house with the same name, but he was
2248 wrong, and when he realized his mistake he
2249 decided to use the name for his magazine,"
2250 said Barrios. "What publishing house?" "P.-J.
2251 Oswald, in Paris, the place that published a
2252 book by Matthieu Messagier." "And that
2253 dumbass Ulises thought that the French
2254 publishing house was named for the assassin.
2255 But it was P.-J. Oswald, not L. H. Oswald, and
2256 one day he realized and decided to take the

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name." "The French guy's name must be Pierre-Jacques," said Requena. "Or Paul-Jean Oswald." "Does his family have money?" I asked. "No, Ulises's family doesn't have money," said Requena. "Actually, the only family he has is his mother, right? Or at least I've never heard of anyone else." "I know his whole family," said Pancho. "I knew Ulises Lima long before any of you, long before Belano, and his mother is the only family he has. He's broke, that I can promise you." "Then how could he finance two issues of a magazine?" "Selling weed," said Pancho. The other two were quiet, but they didn't deny it. "I can't believe it," I said. "Well, it's true. The money comes from marijuana." "Shit." "He goes and gets it in Acapulco and then he delivers it to his clients in Mexico City."

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"Shut up, Pancho," said Barrios. "Why should I shut up? The kid's a fucking visceral realist, isn't he? So why do I have to shut up?"

Part XII

The French and Spanish Vigil poetry and narrative that will respond, to put it mildly, better to the historical standards of a Tolstoy than to those of Clausewitz or Mahan: Herodotus tends to represent a battle or a political development essentially as a series of personal anecdotes. His account of the battle of Salamis⁵ is in

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fact a very good example of his method. It is almost the antithesis of Aeschylus' account, in that it presents a mass of discrete episodes, mostly linked to personalities, yet leaves us with scarcely any impression of the battle as a whole. But Herodotus remains by far the best source we have for the story of the great Persian invasion, and all too often the only source whatever.

As Herodotus tells that story in his Books VII–IX, King Darius had been actively preparing a massive amphibious expedition against Greece since 490 b.c., when he heard the news of the Athenian defeat of a

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Persian seaborne invasion at Marathon. On Darius' death in 486 b.c., Xerxes, his son by Queen Atossa, succeeded to the empire; and, after various delays and doubts, finally launched the expedition early in 480. The enormous land force crossed the Hellespont by a marvelously contrived bridge of boats,⁶ and proceeded round the northern coast of the Aegean Sea. Offshore, in parallel, sailed a great fleet. To avoid the dangerous rounding of stormswept Mount Athos, says Herodotus, it passed through a great canal cut by Xerxes' orders across the base of the Athos peninsula.⁷ Moving down the east coast of the Greek mainland,

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the expedition was only temporarily checked
by the heroic action
in the pass of Thermopylae, and the
accompanying naval engagements
off Cape Artemision. It flooded on, through
Boiotia and into Attica,
where the troops sacked and burned Athens,
almost all the inhabitants
having already fled. Thus by the fall of 480
the Persians had overrun
about half of Greece, and their superiority by
land and sea was still
immense.

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I spent all of today following Lima and Belano. We walked, took the subway, buses, a pesero, walked some more, and the whole time we never stopped talking. Sometimes they'd go into houses, and then I had to wait outside for them. When I asked what they were doing they told me that they were taking a survey. But I think they're making deliveries of marijuana. Along the way I read them the latest poems I'd written, eleven or twelve of them. I think they liked them.

NOVEMBER 14 Today I went with Pancho Rodríguez to the Font sisters' house. I'd been at Café Quito for four hours, I'd already had three cups of coffee, and I was losing my appetite for reading and writing when Pancho showed up and invited me to come with him. I leaped at the invitation. The Fonts

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live in Colonia Condesa, in a beautiful two-story house on Calle Colima, with a front yard and a courtyard in back. The front is nothing special, just a few stunted trees and some ragged grass, but the courtyard is another story: the trees are big, and there are enormous plants with leaves so intensely green they look black, a small tiled pool that can't quite be called a fountain (there are no fish in it, but there is a battery-powered submarine, property of Jorgito Font, the youngest brother), and a little outbuilding completely separate from the big house. At one time it was probably a carriage house or stables and now it's where the Font sisters live. Before we got there, Pancho gave me a heads-up: "Angélica's father is kind of nuts. If you see something strange, don't be scared,

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just do whatever I do and act like nothing's happening. If he starts to make trouble, don't worry. We'll take him down." "Take him down?" I wasn't quite sure what he meant. "The two of us? In his own house?" "His wife would be eternally grateful. The guy's a total headcase. A year or so ago he spent time in the bin. But don't repeat that to the Font sisters. Or if you do, don't say you heard it from me." "So he's crazy," I said. "Crazy and broke. Until recently they had two cars and three servants, and they were always throwing these big parties. But somehow he blew a fuse, poor fucker, and just lost it. Now he's ruined." "But it must cost money to keep up this house." "They own it. It's all they've got left." "What did Mr. Font do before he went crazy?" I said. "He was an architect, but

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not a very good one. He designed the two issues of Lee Harvey Oswald." "No shit." When we rang the bell, a bald man with a mustache and a deranged look came to let us in. "That's Angélica's father," Pancho whispered to me. "I figured," I said. The man came striding up to the gate, fixing us with a look of intense hatred. I was happy to be on the other side of the bars. After hesitating for a few seconds, as if he wasn't sure what to do, he opened the gate and charged. I jumped back, but Pablo spread his arms wide and greeted him effusively. The man stopped then and extended an unsteady hand before he let us through. Pancho walked briskly around the house to the back, and I followed him. Mr. Font went back inside, talking to himself. As we headed down a flower-filled

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outside passageway between the front and back gardens, Pancho explained that another reason for poor Mr. Font's agitation was his daughter Angélica: "María has already lost her virginity," said Pancho, "but Angélica hasn't yet, although she's about to, and the old man knows it and it drives him crazy." "How does he know?" "One of the mysteries of fatherhood, I guess. Anyway, he spends all day wondering which son of a bitch will deflower his daughter, and it's just too much for one man to bear. Deep down, I understand him; if I were in his shoes I'd feel the same." "But does he have someone in mind or does he suspect everyone?" "He suspects everyone, of course, although two or three are out of the running: the queers and her sister. The old man isn't stupid." None of

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it made any sense. "Last year Angélica won the Laura Damián poetry prize, you know, when she was only sixteen." I'd never heard of the prize in my life. According to what Pancho told me later, Laura Damián was a poetess who died before she turned twenty, in 1972, and her parents had established a prize in her memory. According to Pancho, the prize was very highly regarded "among the true elite." I gave him a look, as if to ask what kind of an idiot he was, but Pancho didn't notice. He seemed to be waiting for something. Then he raised his eyes skyward and I thought I noticed a curtain move in one of the windows on the second floor. Maybe it was just the breeze, but I felt watched until I crossed the threshold of the Font sisters' little house. Only María was home. María is

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tall and dark, with very straight black hair, a straight (absolutely straight) nose, and thin lips. She looks like a nice person, though it's not hard to see that her rages might be long and terrible. We found her standing in the middle of the room, practicing dance steps, reading Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, listening to a Billie Holiday record, and absentmindedly painting a watercolor of two women holding hands at the foot of a volcano, surrounded by streams of lava. She received us coldly at first, as if Pancho's presence annoyed her and she was only putting up with him for her sister's sake and because, in all fairness, the little house in the courtyard wasn't hers alone but belonged to both of them. She didn't even look at me. To make matters worse, I managed to make a

2469 banal remark about Sor Juana that
2470 prejudiced her against me even more (a
2471 clumsy allusion to the celebrated lines
2472 "Misguided men, who will chastise/a woman
2473 when no blame is due,/oblivious that it is
2474 you/who prompted what you criticize") and
2475 that I made worse when I tried again by
2476 reciting, "Stay, shadow of contentment too
2477 short-lived,/illusion of enchantment I most
2478 prize,/fair image for whom happily I
2479 die,/sweet fiction for whom painfully I live."
2480 So suddenly there we were, the three of us,
2481 sunk in timid or sullen silence, and María
2482 Font wouldn't even look at Pancho and me,
2483 although sometimes I looked at her or the
2484 watercolor (or to be more precise, stole
2485 glances at her and the watercolor), and
2486 Pancho Rodríguez, who seemed completely

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unaffected by María's hostility or her father's, was looking at the books, whistling a song that as far as I could tell had nothing to do with what Billie Holiday was singing, until at last Angélica appeared, and then I understood Pancho (he was one of the men who wanted to deflower Angélica!), and I almost understood Mr. Font, although to be honest, virginity doesn't mean much to me. (I'm a virgin myself, after all, unless Brígida's fellatio interrupta is considered a deflowering. But is that making love with a woman? Wouldn't I have had to simultaneously lick her pussy to say that we'd actually made love? To stop being a virgin, does it only count if a man sticks his dick into a woman's vagina, not her mouth, her ass, or her armpit? To say that I've really made love,

2505 do I have to have ejaculated? It's all so
2506 complicated.) But as I was saying, Angélica
2507 appeared, and to judge by the way she
2508 greeted Pancho, it was clear (to me at least)
2509 that he had some romantic possibilities with
2510 the prize-winning poet. As soon as he
2511 introduced me, I was ignored again. The two
2512 of them set up a screen that divided the room
2513 in two, and then they sat on the bed and I
2514 could hear them whispering to each other. I
2515 went over to María and said a few things
2516 about how good her watercolor was. She
2517 didn't even look up. I tried another tactic: I
2518 talked about visceral realism and Ulises Lima
2519 and Arturo Belano. I also analyzed
2520 (intrepidly: the whispers on the other side of
2521 the screen were making me more and more
2522 nervous) the watercolor before me as a

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visceral realist work. María Font looked at me for the first time and smiled: "I don't give a shit about the visceral realists." "But I thought you were part of the group. The movement, I mean." "Are you kidding? Maybe if they'd chosen a less disgusting name ... I'm a vegetarian. Anything to do with viscera makes me sick." "What would you have called it?" "Oh, I don't know. The Mexican Section of Surrealists, maybe." "I think there already is a Mexican Section of Surrealists in Cuernavaca. Anyway, what we're trying to do is create a movement on a Latin American scale." "On a Latin American scale? Please." "Well, that's what we want in the long term, if I understand it correctly." "Who are you, anyway?" "I'm a friend of Lima and Belano." "So why haven't I ever seen you around

2541 here?" "I only met them a little while ago ..."
2542 "You're the kid from Álamo's workshop,
2543 aren't you?" I turned red, although really I
2544 don't know why. I admitted that we had met
2545 there. "So there's already a Mexican Section
2546 of Surrealists in Cuernavaca," said María
2547 thoughtfully. "Maybe I should go live in
2548 Cuernavaca." "I read about it in the
2549 Excelsior. It's some old men who paint. A
2550 group of tourists, I think." "Leonora
2551 Carrington lives in Cuernavaca," said María.
2552 "You're not talking about her, are you?" "Um,
2553 no," I said. I have no idea who Leonora
2554 Carrington is. Then we heard a moan. It
2555 wasn't a moan of pleasure, I could tell that
2556 right away, but a moan of pain. It occurred to
2557 me then that it had been a while since we
2558 heard anything from behind the screen. "Are

2559 you all right, Angélica?" said María. "Of
2560 course I'm all right. Go take a walk please,
2561 and take that guy with you," responded the
2562 muffled voice of Angélica Font. In a gesture
2563 of annoyance and boredom, María threw her
2564 paintbrushes onto the floor. From the paint
2565 marks on the tiles, I could tell that it wasn't
2566 the first time her sister had requested a little
2567 privacy. "Come with me." I followed her to a
2568 secluded corner of the courtyard, beside a
2569 high wall covered in vines, where there was a
2570 table and five metal chairs. "Do you think
2571 they're ... ?" I said, and immediately I
2572 regretted my curiosity, which I'd hoped she'd
2573 share. Luckily, María was too angry to pay
2574 much attention to me. "Fucking? No way."
2575 For a while we sat in silence. María drummed
2576 her fingers on the table, and I crossed and

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recrossed my legs a few times and busied myself studying the plants in the courtyard. "All right, what are you waiting for? Read me your poems," she said. I read and read until one of my legs fell asleep. When I finished I was afraid to ask whether she'd liked them or not. Then María invited me into the big house for coffee. In the kitchen, we found her mother and father, cooking. They seemed happy. She introduced me to them. Her father didn't look deranged anymore. He was actually pretty nice to me; he asked me what I was studying, how I planned to balance law and poetry, how good old Álamo was (it seems they know each other, or were childhood friends). Her mother talked about vague things that I can hardly remember: I think she mentioned a séance in Coyoacán

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that she'd been to recently, and the restless
spirit of a 1940s rancheras singer. I couldn't
tell whether she was joking or not. In front of
the TV we found Jorgito Font. An open square
in Susa, capital of Persia. In

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the background, a building reached
by steps. Nearer to the spectator, and
probably in the center of the dancing-floor, a
mound representing the tomb of Darius.
Enter the chorus right, marching slowly and
delivering
anapestic chant.
chorus We the old men
while Persia's young strength has gone
onto Greek soil stay at home
appointed their Faithful,
the lavish and goldwinning throne's

2613	loyal regents
2614	whose age and experience he
2615	
2616	King son of Darius
2617	chose himself
2618	to safeguard his country. 10
2619	King royal army blazoned in gold
2620	
2621	WILL THEY COME HOME?
2622	My heart's ragged beat
2623	prophecies doom:
2624	all Asia's strong sons
2625	are gone gone
2626	and now rumors bruit
2627	the young King's name
2628	but not one runner and not one rider
2629	bring word to Persia's capital. 20

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They rallied, they marched leaving Susa's
defenses
and Ekbatana's
and safe ancient stones that barricade Kissa
some mounted on horses, others on ships
footsoldiers, too, stepping it steady
eager for combat

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And Artemio Sánchez was looking at me too, but he was so bombed he didn't even know what was going on. And the deputy editor of El Guajolote, I think she was the most horrified, as well she should have been because the look on María's mother's face was enough to give you the chills. I swear I thought she might have a weapon on her. And despite it all I was backing out in slow motion, and that was because I still hoped that María would show up, that María would push through the guests and between her parents and grab me by the arm or sling her arm over my shoulders—María is the only woman I know who puts her arm around men's shoulders instead of their waists—and get me out of there with some decorum, I mean go with me." "So did she come over?"

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"Come over? No, at least not in the sense you mean. I did see her. Her head popped up for a second over the heads and shoulders of a bunch of assholes." "And what did she do?" "She didn't do a goddamn thing." "Maybe she didn't see you," said Moctezuma. "Of course she saw me. She looked me in the eye, but the way she does. You know how it is, sometimes she looks at you and it's like she doesn't see you or she's looking right through you. And then she disappeared. So I said to myself you lost this one, amigo. Go quietly and don't make a scene. And I started to move for real, and as I was backing away María's bitch of a mother lunges at me, and I thought the woman was going to kick me in the balls or slap me at least. All right, then, I thought, so much for the orderly retreat, I'd

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better run, but by then the bitch was on top of me like she was going to kiss me or bite me, and guess what she says to me ..." The Rodríguez brothers were silent. No doubt they already knew. Unknown "Did she insult you?" I asked hesitantly. "She said: shame on you, shame on you. That's all, but she said it ten times at least, and an inch away from my face." "It's hard to believe that witch gave birth to María and Angélica," said Moctezuma. "Stranger things have happened," said Pancho. "Are you still her lover?" I said. Luscious Skin heard me but didn't answer. "How often have you had sex with her?" I said. "I don't even remember," said Luscious Skin. "What's with the questions?" said Pancho. "I don't know, just curious," I said. It was late that night when I

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left the Rodríguez brothers' house (I had lunch and dinner with them and I could probably even have spent the night, they were so generous). When I got to the bus stop on Insurgentes, I suddenly realized that I didn't feel strong enough or in the mood for the long, involved discussion waiting for me at home. One by one, the buses that I should have taken kept going by, until at last I got up from the curb where I'd been sitting and thinking and watching the traffic (or rather, watching the headlights of the cars shining in my face) and set out for the Fonts'. Before I got there I called. Jorgito answered. I told him to get his sister. In a few seconds, María came to the phone. I wanted to see her. She asked me where I was. I told her I was near her house, at Plaza Popocatepetl. "Wait for a

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few hours," she said, "and then come. Don't ring the bell. Come over the wall and sneak in as quietly as you can. I'll be waiting for you." I sighed deeply and almost told her that I loved her (but didn't say it), and then hung up. Since I didn't have the money to go to a coffee shop, I stayed in the plaza, sitting on a bench, writing in my diary and reading a book of Tablada's poems that Pancho had loaned me. When two hours exactly had passed, I got up and set out for Calle Colima. I looked both ways before I jumped, hauling myself up onto the wall. I dropped down, trying not to crush the flowers that Mrs. Font (or the maid) had planted on that side of the garden. Then I walked in the dark toward the little house. María was waiting for me under a tree. Before I could say anything, she

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kissed me on the mouth, sticking her tongue down my throat. She tasted of cigarettes and expensive food. I tasted of cigarettes and cheap food. But both kinds of food were good. All the fear and sadness that I felt instantly melted away. Instead of going to her little house we started to make love right there, standing up under the tree. So that no one would hear the sounds she made, María bit my neck. I pulled out before I came (María said ahhhh: maybe I pulled out too quickly) and I guess I came on the grass and the flowers. In the little house Angélica was sound asleep, or pretending to be sound asleep, and we made love again. And then I got up, my whole body aching, and I knew that if I told her I loved her the pain would go away instantly, but I didn't say anything and I

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checked in every corner, to see whether I would find Barrios and the Patterson girl sleeping in one of them, but there was no one there except for the Font sisters and me. Then we started to talk, and Angélica woke up and we turned on the light and the three of us talked until late. We talked about poetry, about the dead poet Laura Damián and the prize named after her, about the magazine that Ulises Lima and Belano planned to publish, about Ernesto San Epifanio's life, about what Huracán Ramírez must look like with his mask off, outside the ring, about a painter friend of Angélica's who lived in Tepito, and about María's friends from the dance school. And after lots of talk and many cigarettes, Angélica and María fell asleep and I turned out the light and got into

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bed and made love to María again in my mind. NOVEMBER 20 Political affiliations: Moctezuma Rodríguez is a Trotskyite. Jacinto Requena and Arturo Belano used to be Trotskyites. María Font, Angélica Font, and Laura Jáuregui (Belano's ex-girlfriend) used to belong to a radical feminist movement called Mexican Women on the Warpath. That's where they supposedly met Simone Darrieux, friend of Belano and promoter of some kind of sadomasochism. Ernesto San Epifanio started the first Homosexual Communist Party of Mexico and the first Mexican Homosexual Proletarian Commune. Ulises Lima and Laura Damián once planned to start an anarchist group: the draft of a founding manifesto still exists. Before that, at the age of fifteen, Ulises Lima tried to join

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what remained of Lucio Cabañas's guerrilla group. Quim Font's father, also called Quim Font, was born in Barcelona and died in the Battle of the Ebro. Rafael Barrios's father was active in the illegal railroad workers' union. He died of cirrhosis. Luscious Skin's father and mother were born in Oaxaca and, according to Luscious Skin himself, they starved to death. NOVEMBER 21 Party at Catalina O'Hara's house. This morning I talked to my uncle on the phone. He asked me when I planned to come back. Always, I said. After an awkward silence (he probably didn't understand my answer but didn't want to admit it), he asked me what I'd gotten myself mixed up in. Nothing, I said. Tonight I want to see you home where you belong, he said. Or else. Behind him I could hear my

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aunt Martita crying. Of course, I said. Ask
him if he's on drugs, my aunt said, but my
uncle said he can hear you and then he asked
me whether I had money. I've got bus fare, I
said, and then I couldn't talk anymore.

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man packed on man.
You, Amistres
and you, Artaphrenes
you, Megabates 30
and you, Astaspes
Persian commanders
kings in your own right under the Great King
leaders who hurl on the battling horde
you bowtamers, horsebreakers
chilling to watch
deadly in war

2819 because endurance gleams hard in your
2820 souls.
2821 You, Artembares, war-joyful horseman
2822 you, Masistres 40
2823 you, the bowtamer shining Imaios
2824 you, Pharandakes
2825 you, too, stallion-driver Sosthanes.
2826 And you
2827 whose command fertile Nile outpoured
2828 Sousiskanes born in Persia
2829 Pegastagon sundark Egyptian
2830 and godbelov'd Memphis' lord, towering
2831 Arsames
2832 and satrap at Old Thebes, Ariomardos
2833 with swampskippers, rowers 50
2834 oars dipping silent
2835 dangerous men, too many to number.
2836 And following close throng

2837 the Lydian thousands
2838 who relish the rich life
2839 and lord it over every last man
2840 of the Asia-born race whom
2841 Mitrogathes
2842 and valiant Arkteus
2843 kingsent commanders 60
2844 and goldladen Sardis
2845 made to wheel out, chariots clanging
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, I heard someone call my name. "Hands up, poet García Madero." When I turned, Arturo Belano and Ulises Lima were there, and I fainted. When I woke up I was in Rosario's room, in bed, with Ulises and Arturo on either side of me trying and failing to get me to drink some herbal tea they'd just made. I asked what had happened, and they told me I'd fainted, that I'd thrown up and then I'd started to ramble incoherently. I told them about calling the Fonts' house. I said it was the call that had made me sick. At first they didn't believe me. Then they listened carefully to a detailed account of my latest adventures and delivered their verdict. According to them, the problem was that I hadn't been talking to Angélica at all. "And you knew it too, García Madero, and that's

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why you got sick," said Arturo, "from the
fucking shock." "What did I know?" "That it
was somebody else, not Angélica," said
Ulises. "No I didn't," I said. "Unconsciously
you did," said Arturo. "But who was it, then?"
Arturo and Ulises laughed. "There's actually
a simple answer, and it's funny too." "Stop
torturing me, then, and tell me what it is," I
said. "Think a little," said Arturo. "Come on,
use your head. Was it Angélica? Clearly not.
Was it María? Even less likely. Who's left?
The maid, but she isn't there at the time of
day you called, and anyway you'd already
talked to her and you would've recognized
her voice, right?" "Right," I said. "It definitely
wasn't the maid." "Who's left?" said Ulises.
"María's mother and Jorgito." "I don't think it
was Jorgito, was it?" "No, it couldn't have

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been Jorgito," I admitted. "And can you see
María Cristina putting on an act like that?"
"Is María's mother called María Cristina?"
"That's her name," said Ulises. "No, I really
can't, but who was it, then? There's no one
left." "Someone crazy enough to imitate
Angélica's voice," said Arturo, and he looked
at me. "The only person in the house who
would pull a weird stunt like that." I looked
from one to the other as gradually the answer
began to take shape in my mind. "Warm,
warmer ..." said Ulises. "Quim," I said. "Who
else," said Arturo. "That son of a bitch!" Later
I remembered the story about the deaf-mute
that Quim had told me and I thought about
child abusers who had themselves once been
abused as children. Although now that I write
it, the cause-and-effect relationship between

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the deaf-mute and Quim's personality shift doesn't seem so clear. Then I went storming out into the street and wasted coin after coin on futile calls to María's house. I talked to her mother, the maid, Jorgito, and, very late that night, Angélica (this time it was the real Angélica), but María was never there and Quim would never come to the phone. For a while, Belano and Ulises Lima kept me company. I gave them my poems to read while I made the first phone calls. They said the poems weren't bad. The purge of visceral realism is just a joke, said Ulises. But do the people who were purged know it's a joke? Of course not, it wouldn't be funny if they did, said Arturo. So no one is expelled? Of course not. And what have you two been doing all this time? Nothing, said Ulises. "There's

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some asshole who wants to beat us up," they admitted later. "But there are two of you and only one of him." "But we aren't violent, García Madero," said Ulises. "At least, I'm not, and neither is Arturo, anymore." Between phone calls to the Fonts', I spent the evening with Jacinto Requena and Rafael Barrios at Café Quito. I told them what Belano and Ulises had told me. They must be finding things out about Cesárea Tinajero, they said.

II.

In the case of Persians, two groups of names have been omitted

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from this Glossary. First are the very numerous geographical names that occur—most of them on one occasion only—in the Messenger’s narrative of the Persian retreat, and in the choral ode on the conquests of Darius; they are explained in the Notes on those passages. Second is the even more numerous group of names of Persian warriors in the three “roll-calls” (see the note on 1542–1625 for Persians). Relatively few of these names occur more than once in the play; some of them are thought actually to have been invented by Aeschylus; and even where a name can be shown to be genuinely Persian, and to occur in Herodotus’

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lists of the Persians involved in the expedition, identifications are not often certain. In short, it seems likely that even Aeschylus and his audience would in most cases have known little more about them than we do. There thus seemed to be no point in loading the Notes or Glossary with repeated entries of the type, “Egdadatas: name of a Persian known only from Persians 1618 / 997.” What little definite information is known about the Persian names—and it is information of more importance to Indo-European philologists and professional historians than to readers who are interested in Aeschylean poetic

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drama—is conveniently assembled in Appendix V to Broadhead’s edition of this play.
With regard to Prometheus Bound and the Fragments of the Prometheus plays, it should be noted that Aeschylus shows a strong tendency to free invention of mythological data and geographical names. In compiling this Glossary, we have therefore relied primarily on the information given in Aeschylus’ own text. Where that has failed, we have had recourse primarily to Hesiod (whose works Aeschylus knew) and to Herodotus (who wrote not very long after Aeschylus’ death) in

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order to fill in the mythological and geographical details, respectively.

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Don Crispín Zamora doesn't like to talk about the Spanish Civil War. So I asked him why he'd given his bookstore a military-sounding name. He confessed that he hadn't come up with the name himself. It was the previous owner, a Republican colonel who had covered himself in glory in the battle in question. I detected a hint of irony in Don Crispín's words. At his request, I talked to him about visceral realism. After he'd made a few observations like "realism is never visceral," "the visceral belongs to the oneiric world," etc., which I found rather disconcerting, he theorized that we underprivileged youth were left with no alternative but the literary avant-garde. I asked him what exactly he meant by underprivileged. I'm hardly underprivileged. At least not by Mexico City

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standards. But then I thought about the tenement room Rosario was sharing with me and I wasn't so sure he was wrong. The problem with literature, like life, said Don Crispín, is that in the end people always turn into bastards. By now, I had the impression that Don Crispín was talking just for the sake of talking. The whole time I was sitting in a chair while he kept scurrying around moving books from one place to another or dusting stacks of magazines. At a certain moment, however, he turned around and asked how much it would cost him to sleep with me. I've noticed you're short on cash, which is the only reason I'd venture to propose such a thing. I was stunned. "You're making a mistake, Don Crispín," I said. "Don't take it the wrong way, my boy. I know I'm old and

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that's why I'm suggesting a transaction. Call it a reward." "Are you homosexual, Don Crispín?" The word was scarcely out of my mouth before I realized how stupid it was and I blushed. I didn't wait for him to answer. Did you think I was homosexual? Aren't you? asked Don Crispín. "Ay, ay, ay, I've really put my foot in it. Forgive me, my boy, for heaven's sake," said Don Crispín, and he started to laugh. I stopped wanting to go running out of the Batalla del Ebro, which had been my first reaction. Don Crispín asked me to give up my chair because he was laughing so hard he was afraid he might have a heart attack. When he had calmed down, still apologizing profusely, he asked me to understand that he was a timid homosexual (never mind my age, Juanito!) and that he

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was out of practice in the art of hooking up,
always difficult even when it wasn't
downright mysterious. You must think I'm an
ass, and rightly so, he said. Then he
confessed that it had been at least five years
since he'd slept with anyone. Before I left, he
insisted on giving me the Porrúa edition of
the complete works of Sophocles and
Aeschylus to make up for bothering me. I told
him that I hadn't been bothered at all, but it
would have seemed rude not to accept his
gift. Life is shit.

Part XII. Aeschylus

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To argue then that in fact Aeschylus is about poetic women and leaders of revolts which is in part Ariadne and his tragedy which is called Orestes which is about black people as well and women who are in a dirge and depicts Ortega y Gasset in styles of Spanish behaviour all being wounded and violently living but partying instead, or drinking rum and throwing it on walls.

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One of a three part of unconnected tragedies presented in 472 BC, Persians (Greek Persai) is unique among surviving tragedies in that it dramatizes recent history rather than events from the distant age of mythical heroes. The play treats the [decisive](#) repulse of the Persians from Greece in 480, in particular their defeat at the Battle of Salamis. The play is set in the Persian capital, where a messenger brings news to the Persian queen of the disaster at Salamis. After attributing the defeat of Persia to both Greek independence and bravery and to the gods' punishment of Persian folly for going outside the bounds of Asia, the play ends with the return of the broken and humiliated Persian king, Xerxes.

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This is the third and only surviving play of a connected trilogy, presented in 467 BC, that dealt with the impious transgressions of Laius and the doom subsequently inflicted upon his descendents. The first play seems to have shown how Laius, king of Thebes, had a son despite the prohibition of the oracle of the god Apollo. In that he killed his father and laid a curse on his own two sons, Eteocles and Polyneices. In *Seven Against Thebes* (Greek *Hepta epi Thēbais*) Eteocles is shown leading the defense of the city of Thebes against an invading army led by his brother Polyneices and six chieftains from the south of Greece who are bent on placing Polyneices on the Theban throne. Eteocles assigns defenders to each of six of the seven gates of Thebes; but he insists on fighting at

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the seventh gate, where his opponent will be Polyneices. There the brothers kill each other, and the Theban royal family is thus exterminated, bringing to an end the horrors set in motion by Laius' defiance of the gods.

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This is the first and only surviving play of a trilogy probably put on in 463. It was long believed by scholars that Suppliants (Greek Hiketides; Latin Supplices) was one of Aeschylus' earliest plays because of its [archaic](#) structure; its [chorus](#), representing the daughters of [Danaus](#) (the Danaïds), takes the leading role in the action. But there is now evidence that the trilogy of which Suppliants formed a part was produced in competition with [Sophocles](#), who is first known to have competed in 468. Suppliants thus dates presumably from the middle of Aeschylus' career, not from the beginning.

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Born in Egypt, though of Greek descent, the Danaïds have fled with their father to [Argos](#) in Greece in order to avoid forced marriage with their cousins, the sons of Aegyptus. Pelasgus, the king of Argos, is torn between charity to the Danaïds and anxiety to appease Aegyptus but nobly agrees in the end to grant them asylum. The trilogy as a whole seems to have favourably stressed the saving power of domestic love as contrasted with both the willful virginity of the Danaïds and the unfeeling, violent lust of their cousins.

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I'm sick for real. Rosario is making me stay in bed. Before she left for work she went out to borrow a thermos from a neighbor and she left me half a liter of coffee. Also four aspirin. I have a fever. I've started and finished two poems. DECEMBER 17 Today a doctor came to see me. He looked at the room, looked at my books, and then took my blood pressure and felt different parts of my body. Afterward he went to talk to Rosario in a corner, in whispers, stressing his words with the emphatic motion of his shoulders. When he left I asked Rosario how she could have called a doctor without consulting me first. How much did you spend? I said. That doesn't matter, papacito. You're the only thing that matters. The Oresteia trilogy consists of three closely connected plays,

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all [extant](#), that were presented in 458 BC.
In Agamemnon the great Greek king of that
name returns triumphant from the siege of
Troy, along with his concubine, the Trojan
prophetess [Cassandra](#), only to be humiliated
and murdered by his fiercely vengeful
wife, [Clytemnestra](#). She is driven to this act
partly by a desire to avenge the death of her
daughter Iphigenia, whom [Agamemnon](#) has
sacrificed for the sake of the war, partly by
her adulterous love for Aegisthus, and partly
as agent for the curse brought on
Agamemnon's family by the crimes of his
father, Atreus. At the play's end Clytemnestra
and her lover have taken over the palace and
now rule Argos. Many regard this play as one
of the greatest Greek tragedies. From its
extraordinarily sustained dramatic and poetic

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power one might single out the fascinating,
deceitful richness of Clytemnestra's words
and the huge choral songs, which raise in
metaphorical and often [enigmatic](#) terms the
complex of major themes—of theology,
politics, and blood relationships—which are
elaborated throughout the trilogy.

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Libation Bearers (Greek Choēphoroi) is the second play in the trilogy and takes its title from the chorus of women servants who come to pour propitiatory offerings at the tomb of the murdered Agamemnon. At the start of this play [Orestes](#), the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who was sent abroad as a child, returns as a man to take [vengeance](#) upon his mother and her lover for their murder of his father. He is reunited with his sister [Electra](#), and together they [invoke](#) the aid of the dead Agamemnon in their plans. Orestes then slays Aegisthus, but Orestes' subsequent murder of Clytemnestra is committed reluctantly, at the god Apollo's bidding. Orestes' attempts at self-justification then falter and he flees, guilt-wracked, maddened, and pursued by the

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female incarnations of his mother's curse,
the [Erinyes](#) (Furies). At this point the chain of
vengeance seems interminable.

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Eumenides, the title of the third play, means “The Kind Goddesses.” The play opens at the shrine of Apollo at [Delphi](#), where Orestes has taken sanctuary from the Furies. At the command of the Orestes journeys to Athens to stand trial for his matricide. There the goddess Athena organizes a trial with a jury of citizens. The Furies are his accusers, while Apollo defends him. The jury divides evenly in its vote and Athena casts the tie-breaking vote for Orestes’ acquittal. The Furies then turn their vengeful resentment against the city itself, but Athena persuades them, in return for a home and cult, to bless Athens instead and reside there as the “Kind Goddesses” of the play’s title. The trilogy thus ends with the cycle of retributive

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bloodshed ended and supplanted by the law
and the justice of the state.

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The date of this play (and even its authorship) is disputed, but many scholars regard it as a work of Aeschylus' last years. In Prometheus Bound (Greek Promētheus desmōtēs) the god who in defiance of has saved mankind and given them fire, is chained to a remote crag as a punishment ordered by the king of the gods. Despite his isolation Prometheus is visited by the ancient god Oceanus, by a chorus of Oceanus' daughters, by the "cow-headed" [Io](#) (another victim of Zeus), and finally by the god Hermes, who vainly demands from Prometheus his knowledge of a secret that could threaten Zeus's power. After refusing to reveal his secret, Prometheus is cast into the underworld for further torture. The drama of the play lies in the clash

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between the irresistible power of Zeus and the immovable will of Prometheus, who has been rendered still more stubborn by Io's misfortunes at the hands of Zeus. The most striking and controversial aspect of the play is its depiction of Zeus as a tyrant. Prometheus himself has proved to be for later ages an archetypal figure of revolt.

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When I was in Mexico in 1975 for the launch, if you can call it that, of my translation of Pound's Cantos, a book that in any European country would have attracted much more attention (it was published in a handsome edition, by the way, by Joaquín Mortiz), he and his friends came to the event, and later, and this is important, they stayed to talk to me, to keep me company (when you're a stranger in a city in some way foreign, you appreciate these things), and we went to a bar, I've forgotten which one it was, but it must have been downtown, near Bellas Artes, and we talked about Pound until very late. In other words, I didn't see familiar faces at the launch, I didn't see the famous faces of Mexican poetry (if they were there I didn't recognize them, I'm sorry to say), all I saw

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were those kids, those eager, idealistic kids, you understand? and that, as a foreigner, I appreciated. What did we talk about? About the maestro, of course, and his time at Saint Elizabeth's, about that strange man Fenollosa, about the poetry of the Han dynasty and the Sui dynasty, about the poetry of Liu Hsiang, Tung Chung-shu, Wang Pi, Tao Chien (Tao Yuan-ming, 365–427), the Tang dynasty, Han Yu (768–824), Meng Hao-Jan (689–740), Wang Wei (699–759), Li Po (701–762), Tu Fu (712–770), Po Chu-I (772–846), the Ming dynasty, the Ching dynasty, Mao Tse-tung—in other words, about Pound things that none of us knew anything about, not even the maestro, really, because the literature he knew best was European literature, but what a show of strength, what

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magnificent curiosity Pound had, to root
around in that enigmatic language, am I
right? What faith in humanity, wouldn't you
say? And we also talked about Provençal
poets, the usual ones, you know, Arnaut
Daniel, Bertrán de Born, Guiraut de Bornelh,
Jaufré Rudel, Guillem de Berguedà,
Marcabré, Bernart de Ventadorn, Raimbaut
de Vaqueiras, the Castellan of Coucy, the
towering Chrétien de Troyes, and we also
talked about the Italians of the Dolce Stil
Novo, Dante's compadres, as they say, Cino
da Pistoia, Guido Cavalcanti, Guido Guinizelli,
Cecco Angiolieri, Gianni Alfani, Dino
Frescobaldi, but most of all we talked about
the maestro, about Pound in England, Pound
in Paris, Pound in Rapallo, Pound in Saint
Elizabeth's, Pound back from Italy, Pound on

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the verge of death ... And then what happened? The usual. We asked for the check. They insisted that I contribute nothing at all, but I refused point-blank. I was young once too, and I know how hard it is to make ends meet at that age, especially if you're a poet, so I put my money on the table, enough to pay for everything we'd had (there were ten of us: young Belano and eight friends of his, among them two lovely girls whose names I've unfortunately forgotten, and me), but they, and now that I think about it, this was the only strange thing that happened all night, they picked up the money and returned it to me, and I put the money back on the table and they returned it to me again, and then I said kids, when I go out for drinks or Coca-Colas (ha ha) with my students I never

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let them pay, and I delivered my little speech very affectionately (I love my students and I assume they return the sentiment), but then they said: don't even think about it, maestro, and that was all: don't even think about it, maestro, and at that moment, as I decoded that very polysemous (if I may) sentence, I was watching their faces, seven boys and two beautiful girls, and I thought: no, they would never be my students. I don't know why I thought it when really, they'd been so polite, so nice, but I thought it. I put my money back in my wallet and one of them paid the bill and then we went out. It was a beautiful night, without the daytime crush of cars and crowds, and for a while we walked toward my hotel, almost as if we were drifting along, we might just as easily have been getting farther

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away, and as we proceeded (but toward where?), some of the kids said goodbye, shaking my hand and heading off (the way they said goodbye to their friends was different, or so it seemed to me), and little by little the group began to dwindle, and meanwhile we kept talking, and we talked and talked, or now that I think about it, maybe we didn't talk much, I would say instead that we thought and thought, but I can't believe it, at that time of night no one thinks much, the body is begging for rest. And a moment came when there were just five of us aimlessly wandering the streets of Mexico City, possibly in the deepest silence, a Poundian silence, although the maestro is the furthest thing from silent, isn't he? His words are the words of a tribe that never

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stops delving into things, investigating,
telling every story. And yet they're words
circumscribed by silence, eroded minute by
minute by silence, aren't they? And then I
decided that it was time to go to bed, and I
hailed a taxi and said goodbye. Lisandro
Morales, Calle Comercio, in front of Jardín
Morelos, Colonia Escandón, Mexico City DF,
March 1977. It was the Ecuadorean novelist
Vargas Pardo, a man who always does just as
he likes and who was working as a copy
editor at my publishing house, who
introduced me to this Arturo Belano. A year
before, the same Vargas Pardo had convinced
me that it would be worth the publishing
house's while to finance a magazine that
would serve as a forum for the best writers in
Mexico and Latin America. I listened to him

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and launched it. They gave me the title of honorary director and Vargas Pardo and a couple of his cronies appointed themselves to the editorial board. The plan, at least as they sold it to me, was for the magazine to promote the books of the publishing house. That was the main goal. The secondary goal was to put out a quality literary magazine that would reflect well on the house, as much for its content as for its contributors. They talked to me about Julio Cortázar, García Márquez, Carlos Fuentes, Vargas Llosa, the leading lights of Latin American literature. Always prudent, not to say skeptical, I told them that I would be happy to get Ibargüengoitia, Monterroso, José Emilio Pacheco, Monsiváis, Elenita Poniatowska. They said yes, of course, that before long

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everyone would be begging to be published in our magazine. All right, let them beg, I said, let's do good work, but don't forget the main goal: promoting the house. That would be no problem, they said. It would be a presence on every page, or every other page, and before long the magazine would be turning a profit too. And I said: gentlemen, I leave its fate in your hands. In the first magazine, as anyone can see for themselves, there was no sign of Cortázar, or García Márquez, or even José Emilio Pacheco, but we had an essay by Monsiváis, which rescued the issue, in a sense; otherwise, there was a piece by Vargas Pardo, an essay by an exiled Argentinian novelist and friend of Vargas Pardo, two excerpts from novels that we were about to publish, a story by a forgotten fellow

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countryman of Vargas Pardo. And poetry, too much poetry. In the review section, at least, I found nothing to object to. Most of the attention was focused on our new releases and was generally favorable. I remember I talked to Vargas Pardo after reading the magazine and said: I think there's too much poetry, and poetry doesn't sell. I still remember his response: what do you mean it doesn't sell, Don Lisandro, he said, look at Octavio Paz and his magazine. All right, Vargas, I said, but Octavio is Octavio, and there are luxuries the rest of us can't afford ourselves. What I didn't say was that I hadn't read Octavio's magazine for ages, nor did I rectify my use of the word luxuries, which I had meant to describe not poetic endeavors but Octavio's tedious publication, since

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ultimately I think publishing poetry isn't a luxury but utter foolishness. That was as far as it went, anyway, and Vargas Pardo was able to put out the second and third issues, and then the fourth and fifth. Sometimes I heard talk that our magazine was becoming too aggressive. I think it was all Vargas Pardo's fault, that he was using the magazine as a weapon against those who'd snubbed him when he first came to Mexico, as the perfect vehicle for settling a few scores (some writers are so vain and touchy!), and to tell the truth, that was all right with me. It's good for a magazine to generate controversy, it means it's selling, and it struck me as miraculous that a magazine with so much poetry could be selling. Sometimes I asked myself why that bastard

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Vargas Pardo was so interested in poetry. He wasn't a poet himself, I knew, but a fiction writer. So how did he come by his interest in verse? For a while, I admit, I engaged in all kinds of speculation.

Parte IX

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Ariadne, in Greek mythology daughter of Pasiphae and the Cretan king. She fell in love with the Athenian hero Theseus and, with a thread or glittering jewels, helped him escape the Labyrinth after he slew the violent uprising. Here the legends diverge: she was abandoned by Theseus and hanged herself; or, Theseus carried her to Naxos and left her there to die, and she was rescued by and married the god Dionysious.

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Ancient Greek poets and artists liked to portray Ariadne asleep on the shore of Naxos while Dionysus gazes at her with love and admiration. Ariadne's story was later taken up by European artists, writers, and composers, including Strauss in his opera ***Ariadne auf Naxos*** (1912; ***Ariadne on Naxos***). In ancient art Ariadne frequently appears as the consort of Dionysus, sometimes with their children.